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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 94.—Vol. VII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 20, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Large Parcel.

Photo by Bassano

Miss Florence Smithson

A newcomer to the London stage, who has made a great impression with her delightful singing and acting in "The Blue Moon," at the Lyric Theatre

No. 94.—Vol. VII

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

APOLLO THEATRE.
HENRY LOWENFELD, Sole Proprietor.
TOM B. DAVIS, Lessee and Manager.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
VERONIQUE (LAST NIGHTS).
Last Matinée, Wednesday, September 20, at 2.

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"Bess of Delanys." By L. T. Meade. (Digby, Long: 6s.)
"The Claim Jumpers." By Stewart Edward White. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"A Captain of Men." By E. Anson More. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
"A Maker of History." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"The Dreamer." By Lucas Cleeve. (Digby, Long: 6s.)
"By the Gods Beloved." By Baroness Orczy. (Greening: 6s.)
"A London Girl." (Alston Rivers: 3s. 6d.)
"In Life's Byways." By C. S. Bradford. (Alston Rivers: 3s. 6d.)
"The Pillar of Light." By Louis Tracy. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"The Romance of the Fountain." By E. Lee Hamilton. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"The Improbable Idyll." By Dorothea Gerard. (Methuen: 6s.)
"A Nine Days' Wonder." By B. M. Croker. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The Hundred Days." By Max Pemberton. (Cassell and Co.: 6s.)
"The Doom of the House of Marsaniac." By Winefride Trafford-Taunton. (Digby, Long: 6s.)
"The Patient Man." By Percy White. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The Passport." By Richard Bagot. (Methuen: 6s.)

GENERAL LITERATURE

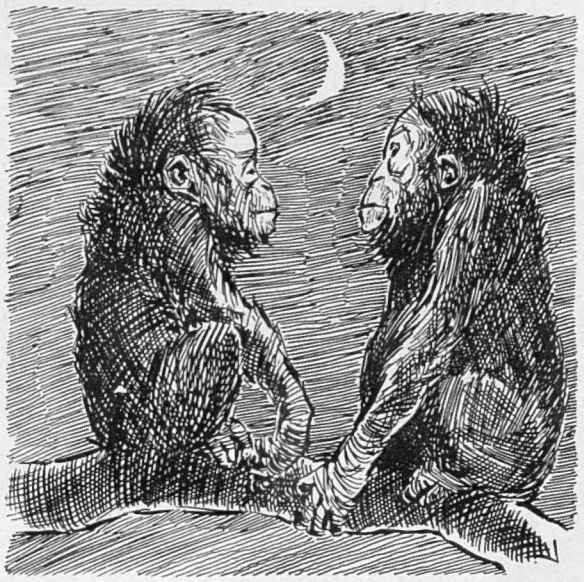
"Sea Life in Nelson's Time." By John Masefield. (Methuen: 3s. 6d. net.)
"Life of Charles Lamb." By E. V. Lucas. 2 vols. (Methuen: 21s. net.)
"The Voice of the Mountains." By E. A. Baker and F. E. Ross. (Routledge: 2s. 6d.)
"Howard Letters and Memories." By William Tallack, formerly Secretary of the Howard Association. (Methuen: 10s. 6d.)
"Boswell's Johnson." Abridged. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. 2 vols., leather. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons: 5s.)
"John Wesley's Journal." Abridged. With Introduction and Appreciation by Hugh Price Hughes and Augustine Birrell. (Pitman: 1s. net.)
"George Fox's Journal." Abridged. With an Introduction by Dr. Robertson Nicoll. (Pitman: Paper, 1s. net; 2 vols., leather, 5s.)
"Sir Joshua Reynolds." By W. B. Moulton. With forty-nine Illustrations, and frontispiece in photogravure. (Methuen: 7s. 6d.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Random Jottings

The Other Way Round

Speaking of affairs at Baku, a contemporary remarks that if the Russian Government had tried, it might easily have poured oil on the troubled waters. Now the difficulty is that water has been poured on the troubled oil, and it is feared that some of the naphtha wells are ruined, at any rate for some time to come.



Heart-Grafting—I.

"Why so cold, Angelina?"
"Alas, Edwin! They have taken away my heart, and replaced it by one from a lady of fashion. I must now ask you how many nuts you are worth."

Heart-Grafting

Scientists seem to have a monopoly in effecting surprises nowadays, and Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Carrol, of Chicago University, have certainly created a stir by their experiments in grafting hearts Dr. Carrol looks forward to the time when he will be able "to replace the wounded or worn-out heart of a human being with the healthy, strong heart of a monkey." No doubt, when the time comes, he will have plenty of patients pining for the distinctly novel sensation which—in some cases, at any rate—this transfer of hearts should bring about.

A Delicate Position

Should heart-grafting become popular, one will have to make guarded use of the word "heart;" otherwise awkward situations may arise. For instance:—

JONES *(enthusiastically)*: "I have won Mabel's heart."

SMITH *(a man of the world, cynically)*: "My dear fellow, it's only a common Barbary ape's. She got it for three pounds ten."

From the Monkey's Point of View

Anti-vivisectionists are already saying that they do not see why poor, dear, strong little monkeys should have to put up with nasty, worn-out human hearts instead of their own healthy ones. It certainly would be hard lines for an Italian organ-grinder's monkey to be compelled to earn its living with the heart of a lady given to palpitations.

The Guilty Escape

The coming fashions are to be very *chic*, and so particular are the leading Paris dressmakers, that not a hint of a forthcoming mode will they give. Two people, according to the *Telegraph*, have already been arrested in Paris for stealing models. The inventors of the models, however, are, we understand, still at large.

An Enviable Crime

The London to Brighton motor-'bus driver has been fined for excessive speed, and, as a result of this verdict, a good deal of painful jealousy, it is said, has been caused to the company which runs trains in a similar direction.

Experto Crede

At a meeting of the Langholm School Board last week, the use of the phonograph for teaching French was much recommended, and the Government inspector advised its use throughout the country. Schoolboys, however, maintain that much more entertainment may be derived from a French master.

Heart-Grafting—II.

"My heart's at your feet, pick it up. Miss Smith, may I call you Camille?"
"You need have no qualms. There's no cause for alarms. 'Tis the heart of a healthy gorilla!"

Indian Costume for London

Those of us who are unable to follow the Prince and Princess of Wales upon their Indian tour will have some consolation, it seems, in stopping at home, for, says a contemporary, we "shall rejoice in the infinite possibilities native Indian garb (which is to be fashionable here) suggests during the autumn and winter." No doubt it will be delightful to watch the City man travelling to his office by the Underground in a turban and cotton drawers. We trust no one will be tempted to adopt the costume of the fakir.

Indian Costume for London

"You're very late, Mr. Jones"

"Yes, Sir, I've hardly got the hang of these togs—these clothes yet"

A Canard Contradicted

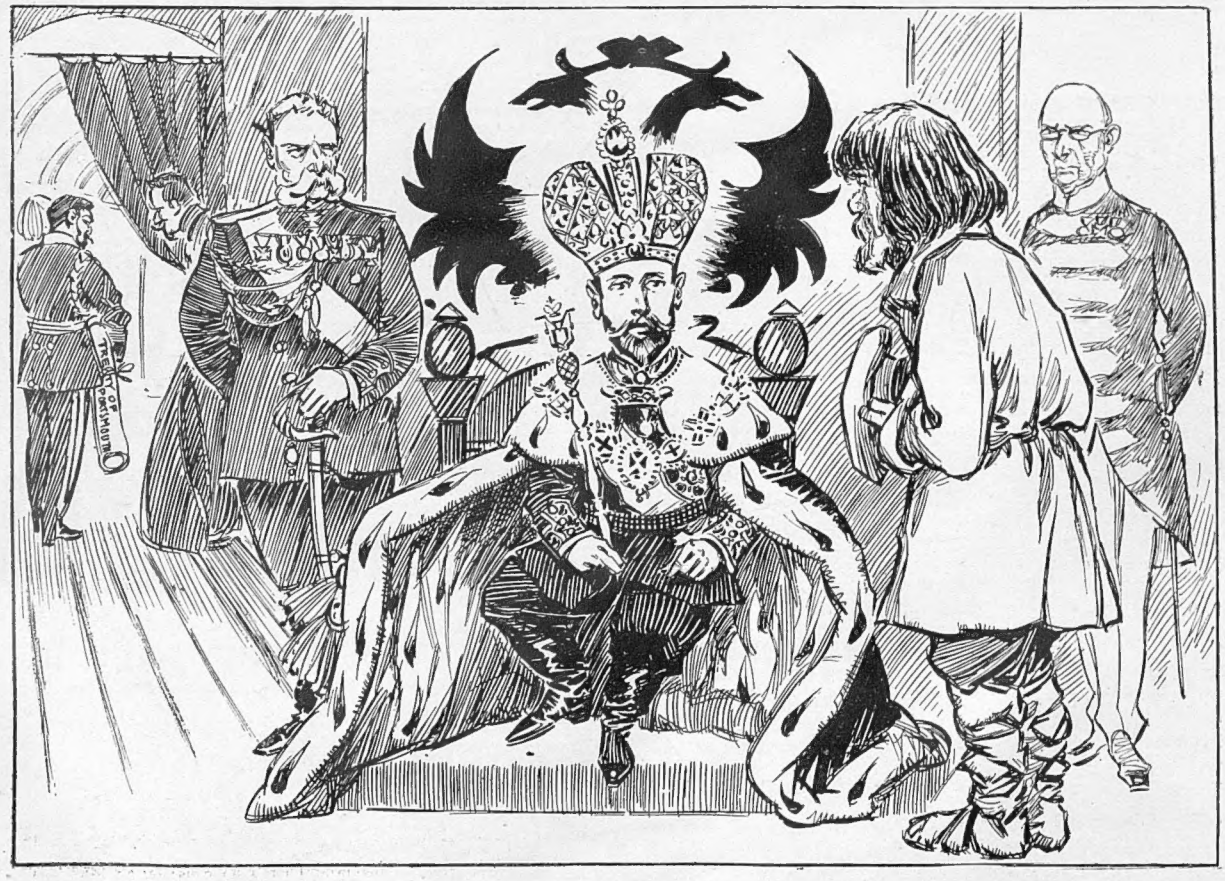
We are glad to see that Miss Marie Corelli has indignantly repudiated the suggestion that she is only going to write a short book for Messrs. Constable. Her one and only book this year will, she says, be quite as long as "Barabbas." So that whatever envenomed darts the prejudiced critics may be preparing, they will not be able to launch against this talented author the charge of brevity.

The Close of a Serious Controversy

"After much discussion in the Press," says the *Daily News*, "the Birmingham Y.M.C.A. officers have decided to provide a billiard-table for their members." And yet there are people who maintain that the columns of the Press are closed to anything but frivolous and silly discussions.

The Simpler Notepaper

The rage for the simpler life continues. "So completely averse from ostentation is the woman of taste and discernment," says the *Mail*, "that the favourite form of decoration her notepaper is given, is merely a gem-cipher placed at the left-hand side of the page. In its very latest adaptation it is a heart-shaped design, overlaid with mother-of-pearl, inscribed across with the writer's Christian name, and surmounted by a scroll of metallic green ribbon-work." This strikes us as bringing simplicity to the verge of asceticism.



A PETITION IN SEASON

THE MOUJIK: "Do you think you can now find time for the consideration of my cause, Little Father?"

Anticipations.—VII.

Diary of a Seine-swimming Competitor, 1909

["*One of the competitors in the Seine swimming race ate two chickens and received three offers of marriage.*"—DAILY PAPER.]

8 A.M. Took a header from the Pont National, and started off at once with trudgeon stroke, amid cries of *Vive la* Miss. Tried to bow acknowledgments, but failed.

8.30 A.M. Ate an omelette swimming on back. While eating received an offer of marriage. Was so startled that I accepted it. That is the worst of swimming on one's back.

9 A.M. Just finished leg of mutton, and am going strong. Much annoyed by conduct of gentleman on bank who keeps protesting he is my fiancé. Can I unwittingly have accepted so fat a man?

10.5 A.M. Two more proposals of marriage. Declined them. Am swimming now with face under water, as these constant offers are becoming embarrassing. My trainer announces that two boiled ducks are ready for me. I suppose I must turn over.

11.15 A.M. Six proposals, while floating on back eating ducks. Accepted one on condition that suitor would challenge previous fiancé to duel. Fat man has bolted.

11.25 A.M. Thirteen more proposals. Accepted them all. Am now engaged to fourteen different people. Feeling tired. Have swum six and three-quarter miles, and just finished pound of chocolates.

11.40 A.M. My trainer says fourteen have gone off to fight duel. Must spurt. End in sight.

12 O'CLOCK. Lifted out of water, going strong. Round of beef waiting for me, when President has done pinning on Cross of Legion of Honour. Came in second. *Vive la* "swim." Shall return to England to avoid breach of promise actions.

In-Seine Proposals

A Difference of Management

M. Witte's statement, that the penal settlements of New York, which he inspected the other day, do not compare favourably with those of Russia, has caused some misunderstanding. What M. Witte meant, no doubt, was that, whereas in Russia some of the nicest Russians are to be found in prison, in America only criminals are incarcerated.

Vanishing Summer Sports: The chute will soon shut down

Honest Advertisements

[" *Youth, twenty, seeks indoor situation. Gardening and housework. Highly recommended. Abstainer. Mentally, rather dull.*"—THE CHURCH TIMES.]

It is believed that much trouble might be saved if all advertisements contained the same honest reservation as the above. The following suggest themselves :—

CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW offers comfortable refined home to two or more gentlemen. Bracing air. Near church and post-office. Musical evenings, pony-trap. Widow does own cooking. Clergyman died of indigestion.

YOUNG LADY, bright, domesticated, desires position as lady housekeeper. Active sympathies. Cyclist. Highest refs. Knows nothing about housekeeping.

GOVERNESS seeks re-engagement to children. Titled family preferred. Twenty-one years' experience. Deportment, geography, drawing, French, Double-dutch. Drinks.

A GENTLEMAN, of good appearance and public school education (Reformatory), is willing to accept post as Private Secretary or any position of Trust. Highest testimonials. Ready any time after November on ticket-of-leave.

WANTED.—Lady companion to do entire work of flat for another lady in return for board and lodging. Must be good cook, nurse, hairdresser, parlour-maid. Preference given to one capable of reading French novels aloud and massaging. Church privileges. No others.

SILVER SPOONS (twenty-four), travelling clock, two gold bracelets, and pearl pendant, will be sacrificed for £15 10*s*. Reason for sale—advertiser is wanted by police.

LADY D—— highly recommends her good plain cook, Eliza Jones, who has been with her, without a break, for twenty-five years. Excellent pastry, clean, honest, sober. Lady D—— would be much obliged if anyone desirous of engaging Mrs. Jones would bring a cab to the door, and two or three plain clothes policemen, as otherwise it will be difficult for Lady D—— to part with her treasure, who has already refused to go on seven different occasions.

Bridge in the Red Sea

Sailors are an adaptable race, as witness this Bridge party in a salt water bath, rigged on the quarter deck of H.M.S. *Goliath*, whilst going through the Red Sea. The temperature out of water was 94 degrees ; in water, 90 degrees

Serenade à la Fourchette

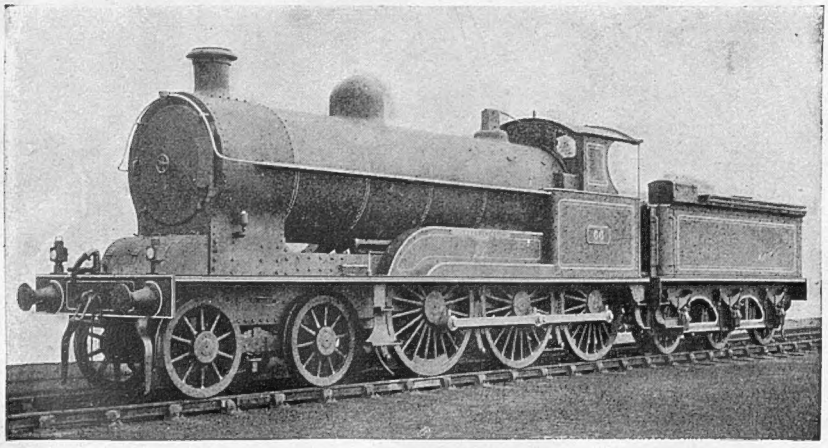
[*A writer in a German magazine states that an Englishman is constantly talking about his meals. The subject of food creeps into everything.*]

Had I the *entrée* to your heart,
Your lips and mine would sometimes *meat*,
Oh ! let our lives be *joint*-ly spent ;
I'll call you *honey*, cos you're *sweet*.

I *plaice* myself at your command,
My *sole* is thine, so list to this—
You love me insuf-*fish*-ently,
For I have never *haddock*-iss.

Ap-*peas* my longing, or I fly
To *vegetate* in distant scenes,
My *marrow* freezing in my bones
When thinking of the might-have-*beans*.

Just name the *date*, and we're en-*gage*-d,
Sweet maiden with the *nut*-brown hair ;
You are the *apple* of my eye,
I *pine* for you—let's make a *pear*.



The L. & N. W. R. New type of Engine for running between Crewe and Carlisle

So powerful is this new locomotive that it has done away with the necessity of running two engines on any train going up Shap summit

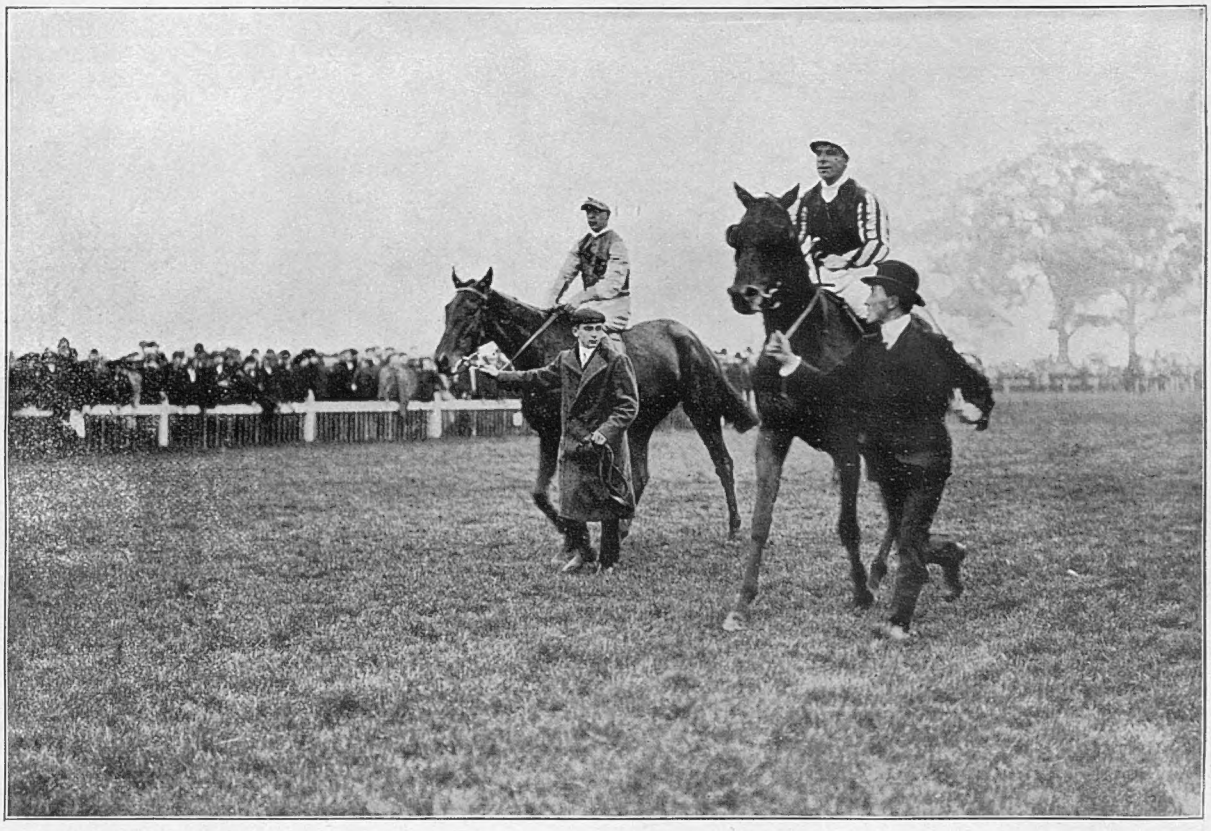
The "Experiment," the New Type of Scotch Express on the L. & N. W. R.

There is no doubt that the West Coast route to Scotland is growing more popular with the travelling public year by year. In order to cope with the increasing traffic, the London and North-Western Railway have recently built a new type of express engine for taking the Scotch trains between Crewe and Carlisle. The "Experiment" class—of which we give a photograph—is a six-wheel coupled engine, and of so powerful a type that it has entirely done away with the necessity of running two engines on any train going up Shap summit. During the recent busy nights at Euston, as many as sixteen trains were despatched regularly for Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, and the far North.

The St. Leger, and Doncaster Blood-Stock Sales

The Doncaster Blood-Stock Sales: Sir Tatton Sykes's bay colt by Flying Fox—Flower of Wit, which was bought by Mr. G. H. Freeman for five thousand guineas

A reserve of 3,000 guineas was placed on this promising youngster, and the bidding throughout was of a very spirited character. Other good prices fetched at this important sale were 2,000 guineas for a filly by Florizel II—Game Chick, and 1,000 guineas for a filly by Flying Fox—Altesse

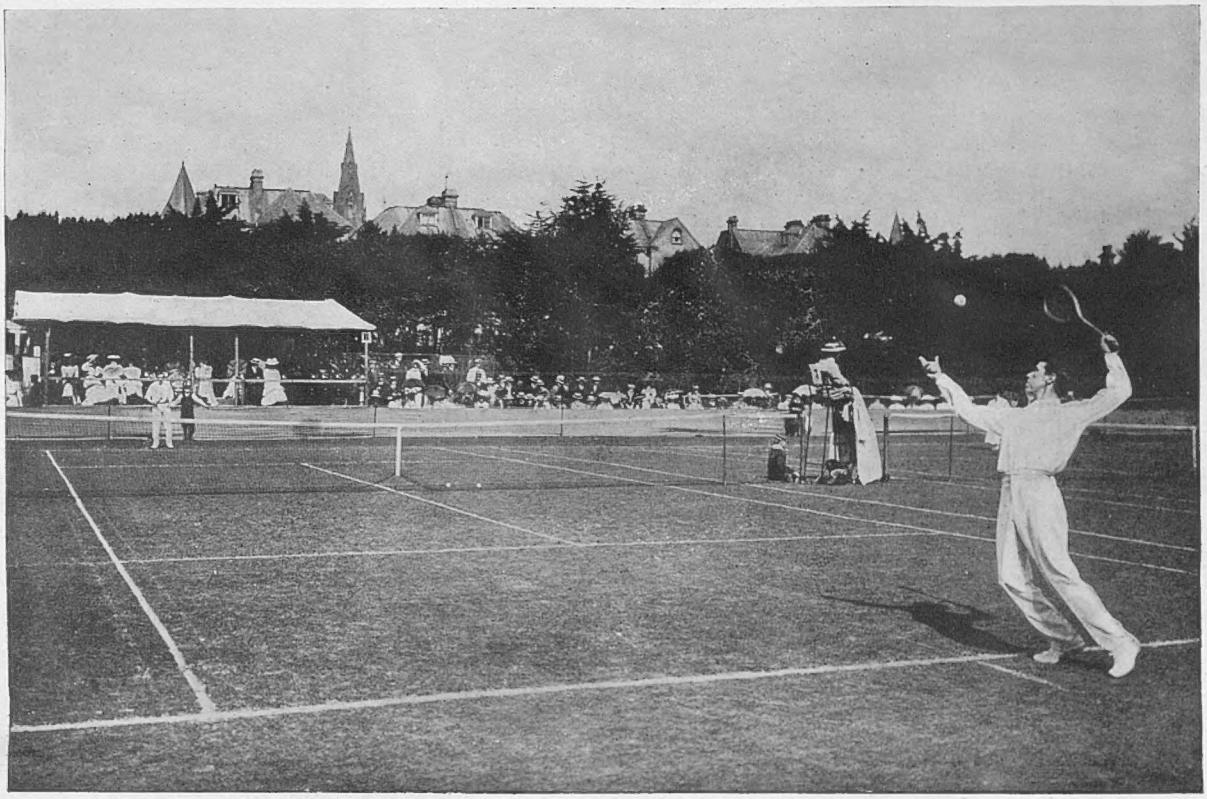


Photos by *Bowden Bros.*

The St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster: The winner, Challacombe, in front (Otto Madden up), coming back to scale

The last "classic" event of the season held a surprise in store for everybody. With Val d'Or and Cicero scratched at the last moment, the race seemed almost a dead certainty for the favourite, Cherry Lass. However, Challacombe, a rank outsider, won at the nice little starting price of 100 to 6

The Eastbourne Tournament Winds Up the Tennis Season



The South of England Tournament at Eastbourne: N. E. Brookes and F. W. Goldberg (Oxford University) playing in the Gentlemen's Singles Championship

The finalists for the Gentlemen's Championship Singles were S. H. Smith, who has previously won this event five times, and N. E. Brookes (Australia). Three straight sets were sufficient to finish this match last Saturday, Brookes repeating his Wimbledon victory. The first set was stubbornly contested, but, with the score at 8—6, was secured by Brookes, who then gained the upper hand, and won the remaining 6—4, 6—2. A feature of the big tournaments this season has been the splendid series of contests fought between Brookes and Smith. The Australian, by his new victory, has gained a substantial lead over his opponent by four matches to two

Photos by] **The Social Side of the Eastbourne Tournament: Afternoon tea in the grounds of Devonshire Park** [*Charles Breach*

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Mr. Leslie Urquhart

The old adage, that the man is brought out by the times, is exemplified in the case of Mr. Leslie Urquhart, who, appointed British Vice-Consul at Baku by Sir Charles Hardinge, promptly went with an escort and rescued the four beleaguered Englishmen in Balakhany. The manner in which Mr. Urquhart rose to the crisis, and his courageous conduct in a time of great danger, have been recognised and commented upon by the public in no uncertain voice. It is in the province of an Ambassador to appoint a Vice-Consul in times of stress, and it is quite likely that, like the late Sir Edward Blount, who was appointed British Consul at Paris during the siege, the hero of the Caucasus will be rewarded for distinguished services with a C.B.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Mr. Leslie Urquhart

The hero of the Caucasus, who was appointed Vice-Consul at Baku, and rescued the four beleaguered Englishmen in Balakhany

The Duchesse de Guise

The Duke of Orleans' third sister, the young Duchesse de Guise, whose serious riding accident caused last week so painful a sensation in Society, spent much of her childhood in this country. Though born at the Château d'Eu, the exiling of her father, the late Comte de Paris, from his native land, caused the Princess Isabella of Orleans, as she then was, to be English, rather than French, by early association. The Princess's engagement to her own first cousin, John, Duc de Guise, though it took place in France, was followed by her marriage in the little Roman Catholic chapel at Twickenham, which has seen so many royal functions of the kind; and though the Duc and Duchesse de Guise live in the country once ruled by their ancestors, they are often in England, and especially often as the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans at Evesham, where the present head of the House of Orleans is owner of a splendid estate left him by his great-uncle, the Duc d'Aumale.

Mr. George Jacob Holyoake

In Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, who, at the age of nearly ninety, is in the enjoyment of wonderful health, and with a brain as clear and alert as ever, we have a wonderful link with the past. Associated with nearly all the great Reform Movements of the last century, Mr. Holyoake was brought into contact with all the leaders of public thought from the time of the 1832 Reform Bill onward. He was the last person against whom an indictment was issued by the Court of Exchequer for publishing unstamped papers in support of the Society for Repealing the Taxes upon Knowledge. Mr. Holyoake, having incurred upwards of *£600,000 of fines*, a deputation of Mr. Holyoake's friends saw Mr. Gladstone on the subject, and shortly afterwards, through the repeal of the Newspaper Stamp Act, the prosecution was abandoned. His best energies have been devoted to the Co-operative Movement, and his "History of Co-operation," caused upwards of two hundred and fifty societies to be formed in two years, and has been translated into every important language. Mr. Holyoake still works eight hours a day at his desk, and finds his greatest recreation and amusement in reading a good novel.

Queensland's New Governor

It is meet and fitting that so progressive a peer as Lord Chelmsford should become Governor of so energetic a Colony as Queensland has again and again proved herself to be. The son of one of our most brilliant and honoured Victorian soldiers, Queensland's new Governor only succeeded his father this year. He is thirty-seven, but looks younger than his years. At twenty-two he became Lord and Lady Wimborne's son-in-law. Lord Chelmsford's interest in London was shown by his going on the School Board; but he loves the country, and he and his wife have made themselves more than popular in the West Country village where they have been living. There the news of the squire's promotion has been hailed with anything but satisfaction, and the villagers have presented Lord and Lady Chelmsford with many touching proofs of the affection and esteem with which they are held in the neighbourhood. The patriotic couple—for the Governorship of a distant Colony means exile for a British peer and his wife—have five little children, two

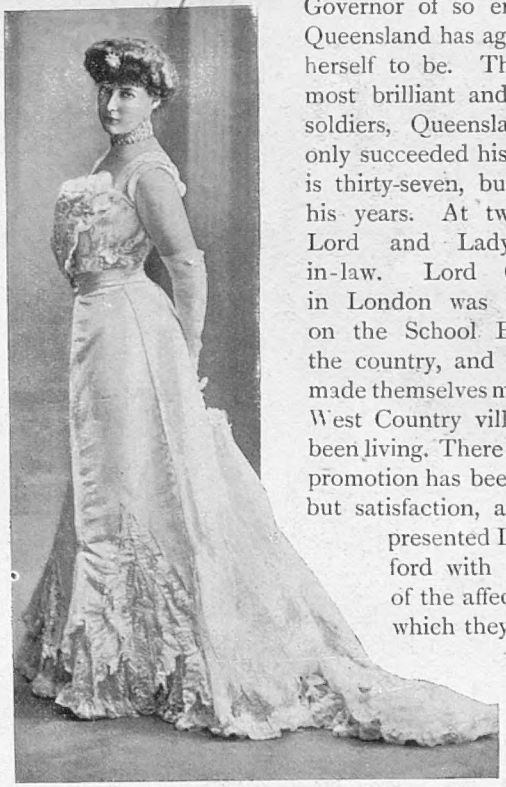


Photo by *Boissannas and Japonier*

Princess Isabel of France (Duchesse de Guise)

Who met with a serious accident while out riding at Evesham last week

A Nonagenarian's Eight Hours a Day

sons and three daughters, who will accompany them to Greater Britain next month.

Mr. Arthur Chamberlain

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was born the eldest of five brothers, and next to him came Arthur. Politics have often furnished instances of brothers sitting on opposite sides of the House — Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. J. A. Campbell, for example — and if Mr. Arthur Chamberlain could be induced to enter the House of Commons — and a few constituencies have begged to have the honour of returning him — it would be as a champion of Free Trade, Temperance Reform, and Liberalism generally. Indeed, he dissents violently from his more famous brother's fiscal propaganda, though, needless to say, his attitude has made no difference to their personal relations, for the Chamberlains have always been a particularly united family. Arthur was sent to University College School in the year in which Joseph left that favourite seminary with the Unitarian body, namely 1852, and he stayed till 1858. He went into business in Birmingham and prospered exceedingly, for he has all the ability and industry of the family, becoming in time the leading spirit in great concerns such as Kynochs, "Tubes" Ltd., Elliott's Metal Company, and the Birmingham Trust. It will be remembered that Mr. Arthur's connection with these companies formed the ground of a peculiarly violent attack on the Colonial Secretary of some five years ago. Mr. Arthur Chamberlain is curiously like his brother, both physically and mentally. As chairman of the Birmingham Licensing Justices, he incurred much odium a year or two ago by his courageous warfare against unnecessary public-houses. But he did not care; he had done his duty according to his conscience. There is a great link between the two brothers from the fact that they married sisters. Mrs. Arthur Chamberlain was Miss Louisa Kenrick, while Mr. Joseph's first wife was Miss Harriet Kenrick, sisters of the Right Hon. William Kenrick, who himself married Miss Mary Chamberlain, sister of the brothers Chamberlain.

Photo by *Press Studio*

Mr. George Jacob Holyoake

The veteran reformer, who is nearly ninety years of age and still puts in eight hours a day at his desk. Mr. Holyoake has always been a believer in the simple, strenuous life

Photo by *Whitlock*

Mr. Arthur Chamberlain

Brother of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, with whose politics he is by no means in agreement

Photo by *Martin Jacolette*

Lord Chelmsford

Who is leaving London next month to take up his new duties as the New Governor of Queensland

The King's Visit to Rufford Abbey

Rufford Abbey, where the King was the guest of Lord and Lady Savile during Doncaster week

The King's bedroom is in the nearest angle of the building. The partially demolished tree seen, was planted by King Charles II., and was reduced to its present condition by a stroke of lightning

The Hall at Rufford Abbey

This was formerly the Banqueting Hall of the Abbots, and the table and benches seen to the left are the original ones used by them

The First of the Autumn Weddings

Mrs. Berkeley Levett

One of the cleverest and smartest of twentieth-century hostesses is the young wife of Captain Berkeley Levett. She is a niece, through her father, of Lord Burton—who is this week the King's host in Scotland—and, through her mother, of Lord Bagot. As Miss Sibell Bass, Mrs. Levett was one of the most popular of débutantes, and was famed for her graceful dancing—one of the most splendid balls of the dying century having been given in her honour at Chesterfield House. Her engagement to the noted soldier and dandy, whose name she now bears, was one of the social events of the year 1900; and Miss Bass braved popular superstition by wearing touches of green on her lovely wedding gown, which was of crêpe-de-Chine, painted with sprays of white lilac. Captain Berkeley Levett was, in his bachelor days, one of the best amateur actors in Society; he and his wife are fond of sport in every form, and they motor a good deal. Mrs. Berkeley Levett's only brother is Mr. Hamar Bass, of racing fame; he is heir to Lord Burton's baronetcy, the peerage going, by special arrangement, to Lord Burton's only child, Mrs. Baillie, of Dochfour.

Photo by *Thomson*

Mrs. Berkeley Levett

Who is the wife of the noted soldier, Captain Berkeley Levett, and niece of Lord Burton. Mrs. Levett is well-known as a sportswoman

An Autumn Bride

Miss Barbara Lister, or, as she should now be called, Mrs. Mathew Wilson, was the first of the autumn brides, and her marriage brought together a distinguished crowd at St. George's, Hanover Square;

The Hon. Barbara Lister

The eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Ribblesdale, who was recently married to Captain Mathew Wilson, 10th Hussars

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Lady Guendolen Osborne

The eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds

How They Saw the Eclipse

Rd Oct 24/05

Pretty "Mannequins" from Paquin's, Paris, watching the eclipse

"Mannequins" derive their name from their special duties in the salons of the fashionable dressmakers. When a lady wishes to see the effect of a new robe, the "Mannequin" slips it over her plain black frock to show it to the best advantage

The young gentleman illustrated above is a keen astronomer in an amateur way, and he prepared for the eclipse by fixing a large telescope in place by strapping it firmly to his leg

the church which saw the wedding of the most famous of her aunts, namely, Mrs. Asquith. The eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Ribblesdale is said to be as clever as one of her lineage might be expected to be. She is a brilliant talker, and shares her father's love of sport. The bridegroom, Captain Mathew Wilson, of the 10th Hussars, was a fellow-officer of the bride's gallant brother, whose death in

Taking the Open-Air Cure Cur

action was one of the tragedies so oft... with our nation's "little ... supported on his wed... who made an ideal l... man. The bridesmaids were quaintly garbed in pale blue silk, and, following the latest fashion, wore veils instead of hats.

Lady Guendolen Osborne

Among ... twen... century ... present ... he four, dau... ... Duke ... Leeds ... tak... a leadir... ...t only are t... ... the purple ... they ... erit beauty and brains from both sides of the house. The Duchess of Leeds, who is a sister of ...rd Durham and of Adm... ...ambton, as well as of a number of other ... ...hed men and women, has a very real liter... ...th her verse and her short stories being ve... ...-and her daughters are highly educated. ...uch of their girlhood has been spe... road, for the Duke, in addition to ... a beau... and there he and the Duche... ...children—including Lord Carmarthen, the prec... ...is only son, who is now four years old—spend much of each winter.

President Loubet ...theaux, the French Minister of War, at ... ...œuvres, near Paris

The Open-Air Cure in London

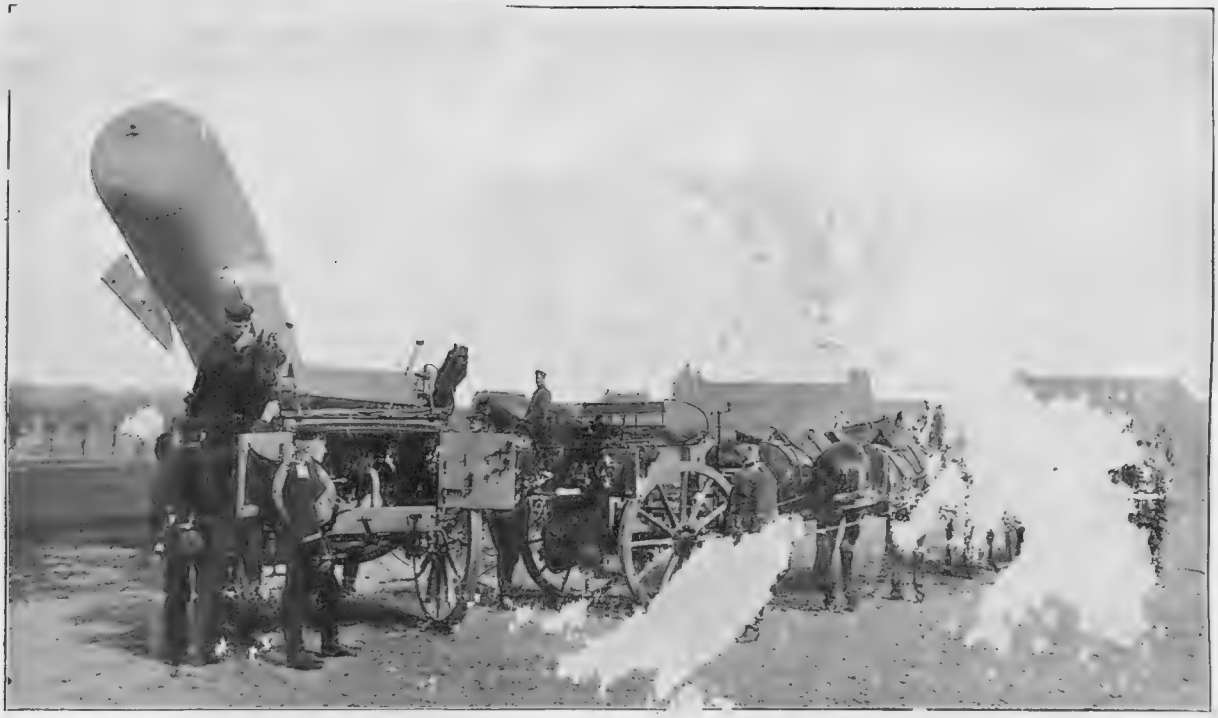
It seems that only during the past few years have the advantages of fresh air become suddenly evide... to the town dweller; now, everybody seems possessed with a perfect passion for it. And a wonderful instance of its effects comes to us from the North Eastern Hospital. There, situated in the midst of teeming Bethnal Green, the open-air cure is in operation, and has met with success. Puny, anæmic children, after a short course, have been almost unrecognisable by their parents, such is the change for the better effected only by sleeping and living in such fresh air as can be obtained from a balcony in the most thickly populated part of London. If such facts as these could only be

Photo by *Park*

The Open-Air Cure for Children

A striking feature of the North Eastern Hospital is the open-air balconies which front the main buildings. Here the children sleep out of doors in their cots. Delicate, puny children have put on flesh, and become rosy-looking, after a short course on the balconies

Manœuvres near Homburg



Fixing the telegraphic apparatus to a balloon

Last week saw almost all the European countries engaged in manœuvres. The German manœuvres were conducted under the personal supervision of the Kaiser himself

disseminated, the closed windows, which are such a feature of the London house, would soon become a thing of the past, and with it would go the most wide spread cause of consumption.

Europe in Arms—Manœuvring

It seems a curious coincidence, that at the moment when all the world is talking of peace the principal European nations should each be marshalling their home strength and indulging in mimic warfare. The past week has seen a perfect epidemic of manœuvres. The ever-strenuous wielder of the "mailed fist" has been using it in a gloved form, by personally conducting sham fights and marching tests in the neighbourhood of Homburg, to the great delight of visitors at the famous

A welcome halt

Besides Germany, France, Italy, Austria, and ourselves, had armies in the field on manœuvres. A curious coincidence, at the moment that everybody is talking of peace

The English Cavalry Manœuvres in Berkshire

Officers of the 5th Lancers at lunch

"Kur." Paris has been besieged and defended with a zest which must have brought much satisfaction to President Loubet, for whom, so rumour says, the manœuvres had been provided as a spectacle. In Austria, "the tread of marching feet" has been heard in many a village, and in Italy the Bersaglieri and bold Italian horsemen have been dragged from their quarters to do three times their usual amount of work on half rations. We also have had our turn, and a thousand cavalrymen under the command of Generals Scobell and Rimington, and Colonels Bethune, De Lisle, and many others, have been surprising the Berkshire rustic during his late haymaking by manœuvring at Churn. One fact these manœuvres bring forcibly home, and that is that these thousand men constitute almost the full force of Regular Cavalry we could bring together in an emergency for home defence. Still, we have the Yeomanry, the Fleet, and the *Daily Mail*, so, perhaps, after all, this is only an alarmist note.

Photos by] Wood fatigue in the Camp kitchen [*Charles Knight*

THE PLAYHOUSES

"ON THE LOVE PATH," AT THE HAYMARKET

When the late cricket season was on the wane, some people amused themselves by picking a team, on paper, to play against the English Eleven which had won the rubber in the Test matches. This "Second Eleven" made a very respectable showing—on paper—and, no doubt, if this proposed match had come off they would have given a very good account of themselves.

A Fine Comedy Cast

Far less simple than the task of selecting a Second Eleven for England would be that of naming an alternative cast for Mr. McClellan's new comedy at the Haymarket. It is just about as good as it can be, and if a manager, like a selection committee, were open to criticism for his choice of players, Mr. Frederick Harrison might feel confident that no criticism could touch him.

Mr. McClellan being so well served, it is a great pity that he has set the actors the old task of making bricks without straw. The piece has a patchy appearance. It bears traces of having been cut here, strengthened there, pulled about in this place, shored up in that. The purpose of the play, that mysterious current which should flow calmly through it—not necessarily in the open, for it is most often an undercurrent—is, in the case of *On the Love Path*, an uncertain factor.

A Composite Piece

We are never certain exactly what the author intends his characters to do or to be. They start on one tack, and when we are on the point of catching their meaning they double back on us.

The play starts in a delightful vein of light comedy.

The Hall of Sea View Villa, Sandbourne (Sea View Villa rather suggests the wooden spade, the tin bucket, and the brown-legged urchin), is presently invaded by those charmingly humorous and humorously charming people whom one meets more often upon the stage than in real life. Gerald du Maurier bursts upon the stage in a whirlwind of emotion. He has seen a divinity. Oh! loveliest maiden in all the world, who can she be? *Pas seuls* and funny business with telephone. Then there is Eric Lewis fussing delightfully about everyone's business but his own; and A. E. Matthews, with youth in his unsettled voice, in his slouching gait, in his attitude towards the fair sex, whom he rates lower than airships; then Miss Jessie Bateman, who flits in like a demure sunbeam; and Miss Ellis Jeffreys, smiling and capable, with the unmistakable air of being at least two points cleverer than any man whom the playwright may throw in her path.

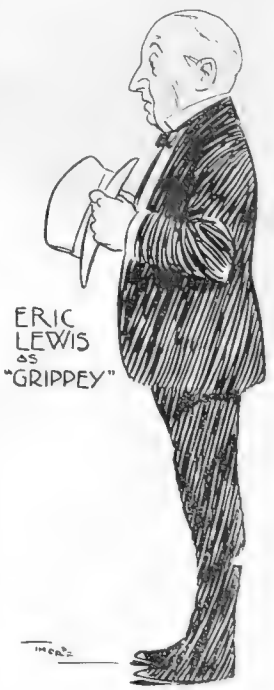
All these delightful people commence to make bricks, and before the second act is well under weigh, one realises that they have not been provided with straw.

The playwright evidently realised this, for he introduces our old friend the blackmailing scoundrel into the business. He is fearfully out of place among these charming people, and the whole episode is so unreal that one feels inclined to say to him, "Oh, go away and don't bother them."

Acting has saved many an indifferent play, but *On the Love Path* requires a deal of saving.

A Neat First Piece

The first piece, entitled *A Privy Council*, by Major W. P. Drury and Richard Pryce, is a very neat little bit of workmanship. In it is set forth an eventful evening in the life of the ever-delightful Samuel Pepys, in which character Mr. Sydney Valentine did not appear quite finnicky enough for one's notion of what the diarist was like. The average curtain-raiser is better missed than seen. This is better seen than missed.



Proprietary Seats

A curious custom prevails in the world of the theatre which is not very widely known among the general public. A, a capitalist, finds the money to build a theatre. When letting the theatre to manager B, he retains, as a kind of offset to the

trouble and expense to which he has been put, certain seats—a box, and a few stalls and dress-circle seats—as his own exclusive property. These seats are called proprietary seats, and the sale of them represents a steady income on the original capital expended. Say that a theatre holds £400, for the sake of round figures merely—very few theatres hold so much—manager B takes it over in such wise that the seating capacity of the house is £380, the difference being represented by the sale of the proprietary seats. So that, practically, B is the lessee, not of the theatre, but of nineteen-twentieths of it.

Leasing theatres is such a profitable game that sub-letting is a universal practice. It will not be long, therefore, before manager B becomes a lessor.

Mindful of the terms of contract which he was forced to sign with capitalist A, manager B gets a little of his own back by making a similar contract, reserving for himself proprietary seats with the new lessee C. This "snowball" tenure of the theatre now weighs heavily upon the shoulders of the unhappy C.

He mounts an expensive produ[illegible] house, if he is lucky enough to draw o[illegible] in £360 instead of £400. He is the lessee [illegible] nine-tenths of the theatre, being compelled to forego weekly £40 of the takings, always supposing the legend "House full" reads correctly. This sum, which he cannot touch, might just turn a loss into a profit.

Some[illegible]es, [illegible] paragraph appears to the effect that Mr. So-and-So is looking for a London theatre, the average reader may be inclined to wonder why he does not shed light on theatres that are "dark."

It is possible that Mr. So-and So is looking for a whole theatre, and not a piece of one. E. C. S.

Miss Ida Conquest

Miss Ida Conquest is one of the best-known leading ladies in America. She was for a long time with Mr. John Drew, and afterwards with Mr. William Gillette, and her appearance in England as leading lady for Mr. William Collier, which has been arranged by Mr. Charles Frohman, will give the English public an opportunity for the first time of seeing an American leading lady who has created, during the last six years, as many as twenty different parts

Photo by *Dover Street Studios*

A Study in Dejection: Mr. Weedon Grossmith in "The Duffer"

PAUL (Mr. Ainley): "Bobby, you'll get over it"
BOBBY (Mr. Grossmith): "Not for years"

Apollo Theatre

Veronique will be withdrawn on September 23, and its successor, *The Gay Lord Vergy*, will be produced on Thursday, September 28, at the Apollo Theatre. Mr. Wentworth Croke has engaged the well-known dancer, Miss Ethel Ross-Selwicke, as première danseuse. Miss Aurelie Révy, the Hungarian primâ donna, who has been specially engaged to play Gabrielle, the wife of the "Gay Lord," has just returned from the Continent. Since this young artiste last appeared at Covent Garden Opera, a year ago, she has sung in Italy with great success. In addition to being a high-class singer, Miss Révy is an expert violinist, and often accompanies herself on the violin when singing at concerts. She is also a good linguist, speaking seven languages.

"Maxixe" at the Alhambra

Photos by] **Mdlle. Anne Dancrey and Signor Rosi in their striking new dance** [*Campbell-Gray*

"Maxixe" may be regarded as a gorgeous butterfly from the chrysalis cake-walk. Commencing with the familiar cake-walk step, the exponents of the new "creation," with ever-increasing speed, whirl round in a rapid valse. Round they fly with a grace and abandon which is bewildering. This intoxicating measure is "heady" enough to bring a sparkle to the eye of the most *blasé habitué* of the Music Halls

SPORTS OF THE NATIONS

A Representative Scottish Sport: A Curling Match

Curling, or the "roaring game," as the Scots call it, is, in effect, a game of bowls on the ice. The real *finesse* of the sport, as in bowls, lies in the dexterous twists of the wrist given just as the stones are sent on their way, making them "curl" round obstacles, in the shape of opponents' stones, which lie in their path and obstruct the way to the "tee" or goal

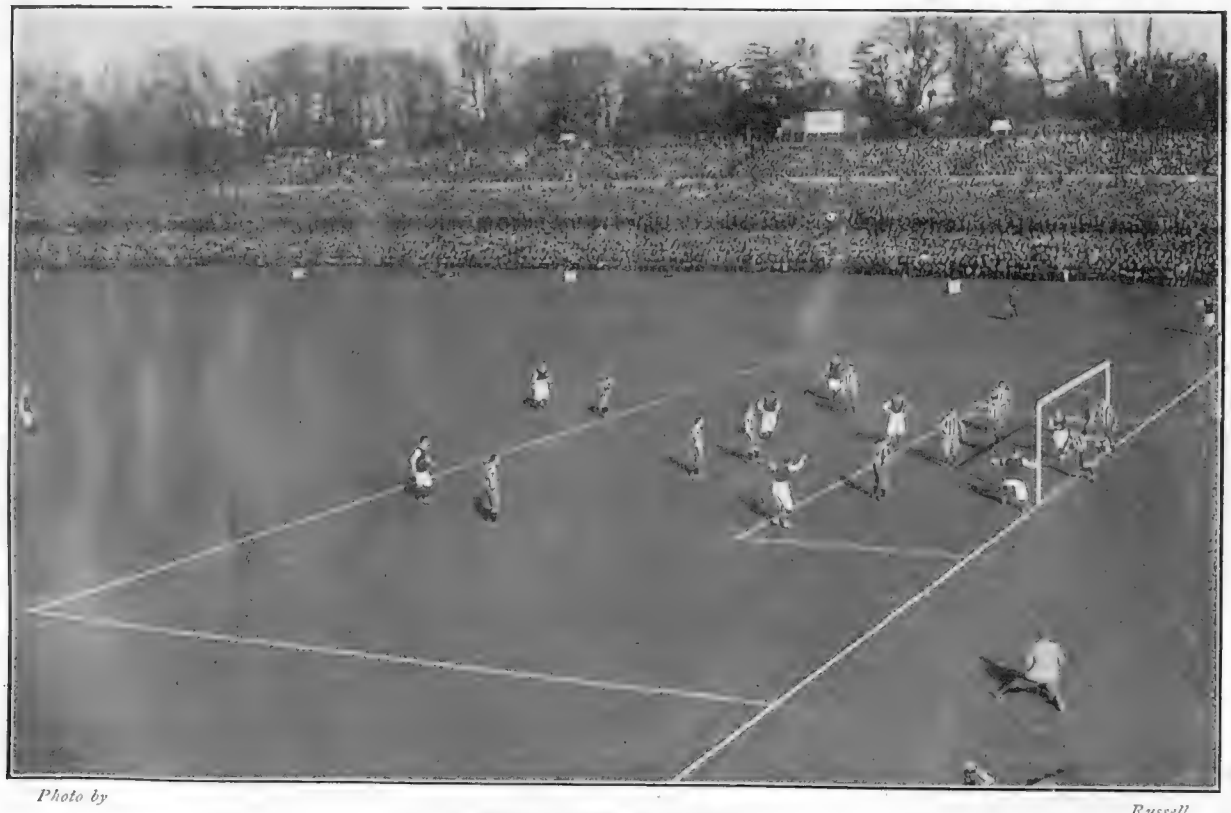


Photo by *Russell*

Association Football in England

A crowd well over the 100,000 mark at a Cup Tie at the Crystal Palace

Sports of the Nations

TWO WINTER SPORTS WITH A SPICE OF DANGER

From Stereograph Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

Ski-ing in Norway An expert on skis makes a great jump

In Norway, skis (pronounced as *shees*) are in general use in the country districts during the winter, and, for this reason, the Norsemen are the greatest exponents of their native sport. In the jumping contests at Christiania, as great a distance as 103½ ft. has been jumped. The ski-runner starts running down a steep hill at terrific speed, and when at the edge of the jump he doubles his legs up and, whirling his arms like small windmills to keep balanced, makes his leap, which is seldom, in the case of an expert, under 60 or 70 ft., on to the gradual slope below

Photo by *Balance*

Bob-sleighing in Switzerland: The "Cordon Rouge," a famous team negotiates a difficult corner of the Cresta Run at St. Moritz

Going round corners on a bob-sleigh is by far the most exciting part of the sport. At a word the members all "lean," as seen in our photograph. An inch too little, or too much, makes all the difference, and may end in disaster for everybody

Sport of the Nations

TWO VERY FAST BALL GAMES

A Game of Baseball in America

A good game of baseball is one of the most invigorating sights going. The game is taken, like most things American, in deadly earnest, and the least slip on the part of a fielder is noted against him as an "error," for which he is brought to book, not only by his committee, but by the crowd. There is no comparison between the fielding of an English cricket team and that of an American baseball team, the latter being immeasurably superior in every way

Pallone, the National Game of Italy

Pallone is a game played entirely by professionals, and is really more of a sight than a pastime. There are three players on each side, and the game has some slight resemblance to fives. The ball, a very heavy and hard one, is struck by the hand, which is encased in a wooden shell with knobs on it. Great dexterity and agility are necessary in order to play, and even these do not prevent nasty accidents being a frequent occurrence

Sports of the Nations

SPORTS WHICH REQUIRE DELICATE WRIST PLAY

Photo by *Nops*

French Duelling: Épée de combat. Attack in low line. The adversary stops on the wrist

The combatant on the left of the picture has just succeeded in delivering a very effective touch, which in a duel would disable his opponent immediately

Photo by *Underwood and Underwood*

Cowboys' Sport in South America: A display of fancy rope work by a typical "cowpuncher"

The rope is swung out over the head and kept moving in a circle, and is gradually brought down till the man is standing in the middle with the rope whirling at a tremendous speed. He then jumps in and out of the circle whilst it is moving, thus doing some very difficult skipping

Sports of the Nations

TIGER AND HIPPOPOTAMUS SHOOTING

From Stereograph Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

After Tiger in India: Easy travelling in short grass

Tiger-shooting from the backs of elephants may or may not be exciting sport. It all depends upon the skill of the beaters and the reliability of the elephants. But there is no doubt about the excitement attached to tracking down a wounded tiger on foot. However, nine out of ten tigers are killed first shot, usually being secured from the safe position afforded by a howdah, or a comfo table seat in a tree

Photo by] **After Hippopotamus in Africa: A Zambesi "hippo" comes up to breathe** *[R. M. Clark*

So famous a sportsman as Mr. F. C. Selous has said that there is little sport to be got by shooting hippopotami, though they present a very fair test of a marksman's ability. Their vulnerable spot is just behind the ear, and the one in our illustration is a fair shot, though, from a rickety native canoe, far from easy. "Hippo" flesh is considered very good eating, having a flavour of its own, which is something between that of pork and beef

Sports of the Nations

THE PURSUIT OF BRUIN

From Stereograph Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

A Grizzly Bear surprised on a wooded slope of the Rockies

The "Grizzly," whose haunt is in the wilder parts of the Rockies, is, perhaps, the fiercest quarry the Canadian or American sportsmen has to meet, and to shoot a "Grizzly" is an important event in the Western sportsman's career

A Thrilling Story of

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, JACK, SLOW

No story in fiction contains more dramatic elements than the account of the escape of the "Flying Virginian," on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, from an appalling catastrophe last month. The driver leaning out to examine a piece of machinery was instantly killed by a post. The stoker (or "fireman" as he is called in America), engaged at the back of the tender, ne past a danger signal. Anxiety gave maintained past a second, and then slow down, we are running to hell!"

an American Express

WE ARE RUNNING TO HELL!"

the train was going at terrific speed
:m when the speed of the train was
'er signal. "For God's sake, Jack,
he made his way into the cab, to find the lifeless body of the engineer hanging down from the window. The fireman managed to bring the locomotive to a stop just before a network of switches and side-tracks near Philadelphia was reached

DRAWN BY PHILIP ESHER

OUR SHORT STORY

A VILLAGE TRAGEDY

By CHARLES GLEIG

Author of "Bunter's Cruise," etc. etc.

I have resided in the hamlet of Brindale ever since a vexatious clause in the King's Regulations obliged me to take leave of my distinguished regiment. There can be no impropriety in mentioning that the village nestles snugly in a Surrey valley, since Brindale does not happen to be the real name of the hamlet. Entitled to print "Colonel" before my name of Reginald Pratley, and "D.S.O." after it, you might suppose that I was cordially welcomed by the few gentlefolks resident in a somewhat isolated part of the county. But it was not so. Some months elapsed before Mrs. Hodgson directed her husband to call upon me; until then my worthy neighbours held cautiously aloof. It seems there was no Army List in which they could verify my alleged rank; and, as Admiral Hodgson observed, "the cost of printing visiting-cards was trifling." They suspected me of being a Volunteer Colonel, or worse; and they distrusted the "D.S.O." As this story is not about myself, but deals with a "shocking" episode in the chronicles of Brindale, I need dwell no further on my probationary isolation. You may judge, however, that Society in our village does not rush to welcome new comers. We require unimpeachable guarantees of respectability; we also demand that those who attend our whist tables or frequent our tennis lawns shall be free from the smirch of commerce. Thus we are not to be imposed upon by the renting of pews, subscriptions to the Cottage Hospital, nor even by sporting pretensions.

Mrs. Hodgson it is who settles these matters, for not only is she the wife of Admiral Hodgson, C.B. (retired list), but her father was our honoured Squire, and bequeathed to her considerable landed property. Admirably and wisely does this respected lady exercise her unquestioned right of veto. Her exalted, single-minded aim has ever been to preserve inviolate the refinement and respectability of our little community. We have read in London newspapers of the admission of actors, artists, and grocers, to the portals of the great. We do not seek to exert any restraint upon the amazing foibles of Smart Society; but, as my dear friend Mrs. Hodgson has so often said: "Good morals are more than talents, and the stamp of breeding atones for infinite stupidity."

Now, it would be idle to deny that Brindale bosoms were pleasurably stirred when we learned that "Stoneycroft" had been leased for three years by a Mr. Horace Clifford. Exclusive we may be, yet man is naturally gregarious, and "Stoneycroft" had stood empty for a considerable time. Clifford is the kind of family name that may be borne by lord or labourer; so that we formed no prejudice against the new-comer on that score. We were favourably impressed by the new tenant's taste in wall papers—for the wall paper "oft proclaims the man"—and still more so his furniture. The furniture was supplied by a well-known London firm, and it was evident that Mr. Clifford had lavished money upon the embellishment of his new home. Mrs. Hodgson said that older furniture would have impressed her more favourably, but she admitted that Mr. or Mrs Clifford had good taste. For we had learned that there was a Mrs. Clifford, and romantic news vendors professed to know that she was almost a bride. The fact is, however, that we knew precisely nothing about the Cliffords. They were certainly not Surrey people, and we failed to probe their past. They might prove to be *nouveaux* [illegible] with a craving for country life; or they might be able to satisfy us of Norman descent. We found Cliffords in the Red Book. On the other hand, Clifford happened to be the name of the village constable. We sounded our policeman, but he disclaimed relationship.

The virginal freshness of spring was maturing into luxuriant summer when the Cliffords installed themselves in their new home. They drove from the neighbouring station (Cowsmead is only seven and a half miles distant as the crow flies) in a hired fly, with another in the rear filled with trunks, three maid-servants, and a page-boy. These further tokens of comfortable independence were noted, but they did not influence us. During the second rubber of whist that evening (we play for penny points at the "Anchorage"), Mrs. Hodgson remarked carelessly, "They tell me that Mrs. Clifford is young and quite pretty, and that she uses crutches."

"He carried her up the steps," said the Admiral, who had just completed his usual misdeal and his customary apology.

"Lameness is rather interesting in a pretty woman," I hazarded.

"I rather like him for carrying her into the house," admitted Mrs. Hodgson. "There's a suggestion of romance in it that recalls marriage by capture and that sort of thing."

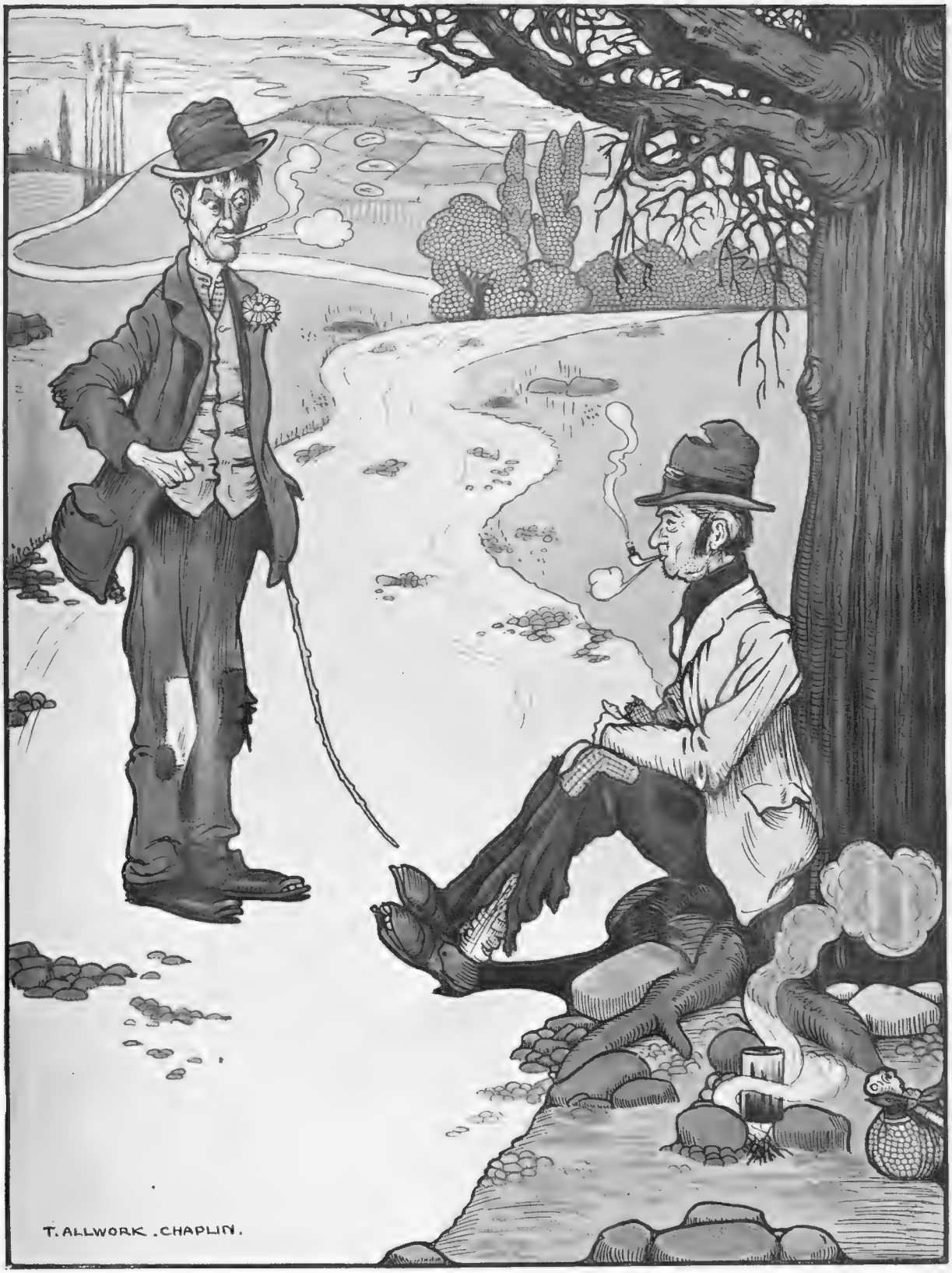
"Rape of the Sabines," murmured the Admiral.

"I have still fifteen cards, Admiral," said Mrs. Hodgson, severely.

There is a wide difference between feeling abstract interest in a lame lady and in calling upon her. Mrs. Hodgson continued to be interested in the Cliffords; but weeks rolled by, and she did not call. As a natural consequence, the ladies of Brindale also held aloof, content to await a definite signal from the "Anchorage." The Vicar called—officially—but did not take the Vicaress. He reported that Mrs. Clifford was a well-bred woman, with a taste for gardening and a nodding acquaintance with polite letters. She was familiar with the essays of Montaigne and the writings of Sterne. The Vicar did not encourage us to read Sterne, unless in an expurgated edition. Still, he was favourably impressed by the Cliffords,

(*All rights strictly reserved*) (*Continued on page 600*)

Modern Knights Errant



DAN DE LION: "Where do this road take yer to, old feller?"
RAGGED ROBIN: "Nowheres, matey, ye'll 'ave ter walk"

DRAWN BY T. ALLWORK-CHAPLIN

(Continued from page 598)

and Mrs. Hodgson was influenced by his report. I suspect that she had requested him to call, for my friend has faith in the Vicar's judgment.

"It is so odd," she said to me a day or two later—"it is so odd that they should have settled here without getting an introduction to anybody."

I guessed that Mrs Hodgson was wavering, and put in a cautious word for the Cliffords. I cannot deny that I wanted to know them. For Mrs. Clifford was quite pretty, and I happened to be aware that her husband had ordered twenty dozen of a certain port wine, to which I am partial, from my own wine merchant in Cowsmead. I also knew, incidentally, that Mr. Clifford had opened an account with the firm, telling Cranberry and Co. that he made it a fixed rule to settle such accounts bi-annually. Cranberry expects me to settle my bill monthly, so that he, too, may have been impressed by the Cliffords' furniture and the decorations of "Stoneycroft." Mr. Clifford, however—apart from his furniture—inspired confidence. He dressed well; he was good looking; he was genial, though not familiar; and he had a way of ordering things to be done for him that suggested a comfortable balance at the bank. Again, I happen to know that he had not yet opened a banking account in Cowsmead. I had already met and exchanged a few words with Clifford in the coffee-room (so called) of our local inn We had taken shelter there from a thunderstorm, and he, after preliminary comments upon the weather, had invited me to drink with him. Usually, one declines such invitations from strangers, but the suggestion was made with such courtesy—with such pleasing deference, I may add, to a man of my age, position, and military rank—that I cordially accepted a whisky and soda. He had rung the bell masterfully, ordered the refreshment with a prosperous air, and had bade the landlord "put them down" to his account. I caught myself wondering whether he also settled bi-annually for such casual stimulants at the village inn. But Mr. Clifford's dealings with the tradesmen did not concern me. His personality attracted me, and his talk was sensible. He asked intelligent questions about the shooting and fishing in the neighbourhood, and commented soundly upon the breed of the landlord's setter.

"You're fond of shooting?" I asked.

"Yes, but I've had most of my sport in South America, and I've only lately settled down in the old country. In fact, the only shooting I've had this year was at my cousin's place in Blankshire. He preserves rather extensively, but really, I prefer rough shooting. Give me a couple of good dogs, and a couple of natives to carry grub, and I'm well content to camp out for a month."

I felt I should be doing Mr. Clifford a good turn by reporting the existence of his game-preserving cousin to Mrs. Hodgson. She at once took up "Burke's Landed Gentry," and verified the Blankshire Cliffords.

"This is a great relief to me, Colonel," she frankly admitted. "Here we have tangible evidence of good connections, and I feel that I may assume the responsibility of calling upon his wife."

I was unprepared for this bold decision, and felt uncomfortably responsible for Mrs. Hodgson's intention.

"Can one be sure that he is related to the Blankshire Cliffords?" I felt bound to say.

"He mentioned the connection *apropos* of the topic you were discussing," she replied. "Had he dragged his cousin in by the heels, one might have doubted."

"True," I agreed, "yet it might be safer to find out."

"Dear Colonel," she retorted, "I can trust my own instinct in these matters. Mr. Clifford is unmistakably a gentleman, and I hear well of his wife from the Vicar. It would take some time to get absolute proof of the relationship to the Blankshire family; and, as you know, I have hesitated for nine weeks. If I delay any longer, Mrs. Clifford may legitimately take offence."

"Well," I said doubtfully, "you know best."

"Trust my instinct," said Mrs. Hodgson—"that is, when it is confirmed by reasonable evidence. Besides," she added, "my boy Algy reports highly of the lady."

"Do you mean that he has called?"

"Certainly not. Algy would not dream of doing so without my sanction. He ricked his ankle yesterday by falling off his bicycle near 'Stoneycroft.'"

"And Mrs. Clifford bound up his wounds?" I asked.

"They were very kind," said Mrs. Hodgson; "and Algy says she is charming."

"Confess," said I, "that the fall of Algy decided you."

My friend smilingly tapped my knuckles with her fan.

"Perhaps," said she; "but this relationship to the game-preserver renders the charity of Mrs. Clifford doubly irresistible."

I left the "Anchorage" pondering over the dangers of the maternal instinct. Had I done right to report the alleged relationship? However, I paid my call on the following afternoon, and Mrs. Hodgson and the Admiral drove up in state during my visit.

During the balance of that summer, I saw the Cliffords frequently. I grew to like them both; I do not deny it. Indeed, all Brindale liked them, although quite another tune is sung over our whist tables now. It is needless to say that every lady in Brindale called at "Stoneycroft" in the wake of Mrs. Hodgson. The girls at the Vicarage grew especially fond of Mrs. Clifford, and even the Vicaress condoned her irregular attendance at Church. Moreover, the Cliffords were hospitable. Cranberry and Co.'s wines flowed freely and pleasantly down at least one grateful throat; and one throat at least was unperturbed by the accidental knowledge that Clifford settled his wine bills bi-annually. What, I ask you, had that circumstance to do with me? Did I not, in my humble, bachelor way, return their splendid hospitality with teas?

And yet, as a frequent visitor at "Stoneycroft," there were signs and warnings which, as Mrs. Hodgson contends, should have aroused my suspicions. Far be from me to dispute the social judgments of that exalted dame. Perhaps the port wine stifled criticism; or was it the charm of Mrs. Clifford? If there be men who, filled with a sound, nutritious

(Continued on page 602)

WHEN CABBY DRIVES A CAR

SMALL MOTOR-CAB PROPRIETOR *(indignantly)*: "And 'ow d'yer expect a pore man to pay his fines?"

DRAWN BY ROSSI ASHTON

(Continued from page 600)

port, can sit in acid judgment upon a charming woman, I do not wish to take any such to my war-worn bosom. And what of the ladies who drank the "Stoneycroft" tea, consumed the famous "Stoneycroft" cakes, disported themselves upon the smooth tennis courts of that cheerful, hospitable house?

It is recorded against me now that I failed to note or to report at the "Anchorage" those abnormal manifestations of conjugal affection which should have put a frequent visitor upon his guard. I reply that all Brindale witnessed some of these abnormal manifestations. It was notorious, I say, that Clifford treated his lady with a chivalrous courtesy that rendered most of our married ladies discontented, and filled our innocent maidens with unreasonable expectations. After all, one has heard of marriages in which romance and tenderness have survived the honeymoon. Abnormally gallant towards the lady that wretched Clifford may have shown himself, but it seems to be forgotten in Brindale now that she charmed us all. I have evidence that young Algy Hodgson, whose pay was five shillings a day, begged her to elope with him to Portsmouth. It is an argument which delicacy forbids me to employ in defending myself against the reproofs of Algy's mother.

Again, it is charged against me that I concealed my knowledge of Clifford's debts, and said nothing (until too late) about the fifty pounds he borrowed from me. I pass over these charges with dignified contempt, but there is one complaint as to which I will offer brief explanation. It is quite true that the firm that so artistically furnished and decorated "Stoneycroft" did look my name up in the local directory and write to me (in strict confidence) about the Cliffords' debt to them. I regarded the firm's confidential letter as grossly impertinent. All this, moreover, is a mere side issue. We do not encourage people to settle in Brindale and live upon credit, nor even to entertain us on credit; but we are in no haste to cast out families of good blood and breeding that may be so unfortunate as to owe money to tradesmen.

The *exposé* was peculiarly horrible, but it is absurd for Mrs. Hodgson to blame me for having concealed my knowledge of the Cliffords' debts. The end came about thus. Mrs. Hodgson gave a garden-party at the "Anchorage," which was attended by several of the county families within driving range, and, of course, by the upper classes of Brindale. Among the guests was Lady Pullberry, of Pullberry Court, one of the greatest dames in all the county. She has achieved nothing definite, but her greatness is universally recognised in the best society.

When I reached the festive scene, Mrs. Hodgson was conversing with Lady Pullberry about poultry. I approached our hostess to make my salute, and just then Clifford and his lady drew near, for the same purpose. Mrs. Clifford, who looked more than usually charming in a mauve-coloured, airy fabric, was leaning heavily upon Clifford's arm, and using only one of her ebony crutches. "Who is that pretty, lame woman?" asked Lady Pullberry.

"A great favourite of mine," said Mrs. Hodgson. "Pray let me present her to you."

The great dame assented graciously, and the introduction was effected. Clifford, still supporting his wife, was also talking to our hostess and Lady Pullberry when a seedy-looking man, in a serge suit, a dingy collar, and a rusty "bowler" hat, suddenly appeared in our midst.

"Mr Horace Clifford, I believe?" said the dingy stranger, abruptly.

"Go away!" said Clifford. "I'll see you presently. Can't you see I'm engaged, my good fellow."

Mrs. Clifford gave a little cry of alarm, and dropped her crutch. I looked at Clifford. He was deathly pale, and his mouth twitched nervously.

"I'll go away when I've done my job, Guv'nor, and no sooner," said the dingy stranger, insolently, and, as he spoke, he produced an ominous blue paper from some frousy recess of his clothing.

"Not here," said Clifford, angrily.

"Yes, Gov'nor, here and now," insisted the man. "I serves this writ on you, Guv'nor, on behalf of Messrs. ——"

Then Clifford lost his temper and vented a very imprudent threat.

"Go away, sir," he cried, menacingly. "Go to my house. Consider these ladies, and my wife, or I'll thrash you for your impertinence."

Now even bailiffs are human: and some resent being threatened. This one shrank back and put up his guard.

"Your wife," he said loudly. "She ain't your wife, and never has been. We know all about that. Her name's Mrs. St. Clair, and her husband's going to sue for a divorce before you're a month older."

Mrs. Clifford, still clinging to Clifford's arm, held out her hand for the blue paper. "Take me home, Horace," she said. She spoke quietly and firmly, but I shall never forget the expression of agony and of shame that was depicted at that moment upon her fair face. I glanced at Lady Pullberry and our hostess. The milk of human kindness had suddenly dried up in their bosoms; both might have served as models for Gorgons, as they stood with their cold, relentless eyes fixed upon the lady known to us as Mrs. Clifford.

The hapless lady tried to frame some words of futile apology, but no sound came from her lips.

Her shame and misery caused me to yield to a foolish impulse, which, as a man of the world, I ought to have resisted. I offered an arm to "Mrs. Clifford," and helped Clifford to lead her from the field of their defeat.

. . . . .

This terrible tragedy in the annals of Brindale is never alluded to in polite circles, and I feel sure that no self-respecting reader would wish to hear what became of the Cliffords. My dear friend, Mrs. Hodgson, was laid up with shock to the moral system for weeks after that disastrous garden-party; and some months elapsed before she partook me for having (as she alleged) persuaded her to call upon "those unmentionable persons."

As for Lady Pullberry, it is sad to have to record that her chariot wheels have never, since that tragic day, pressed the approaches to the "Anchorage."

CHARLES GLEIG.

With the Devon and Somerset

"HARD PRESSED"

DRAWN BY F. A. STEWART

The Library

found h

In reading *By th* gh I have (Greening: 6s.), the latest novel of the Baroness nd that upwa twenty-five years the discovery by Hug d that my memory would be less who, living walled up live the same life a e more important episodes of the ancestors of many the are times when this propensity for a more fascinating e odd rather than the essential thing whose name is enou r a fault. It comes, I fancy, from a Hugh Tankerville f of-the-way reading, and it is flattering when the eyes of th esteem to recall that Charles Lamb the light of Isis, w just this inclination.
hair is like the ra
he himself has s
graceful papyrus
are white and **ger-Gull**
elephant." T
that "her chee
But, happily for
to civilisation, br
nothing but "a dri
mary for remembra
imaginative desc
book are wond
one rushes br
to page, following the
Tankerville an
fairyland, whe

Since returning to town, I have been reading two books by this brilliant young novelist, of whose already written. But I confess that I until the other day that he is also the author of that much-discusse "cause." What an industriou s written a round dozen ven years, and is n fe" away to-in

> . . . very sound is sweet;
> Myriads of rivu hurrying thro' the lawn,
> The moan of d in immemorial elms,
> And murmurin innumerable bees.

Not by any means a great novel, but one of the pleasantest pieces of fiction we have read this year.

We have had many good things from Mr. Alston Rivers in his year or so of publishing, and his new venture, "Tales from the Great City" promises to be one of the most striking among them. In this series an anonymous author is attempting to do for London what Balzac, Maupassant, and Zola have done for Paris—give us its *journal intime* in a series of studies, or rather, short stories of characteristic types drawn from a realistic standpoint. In an ambitious preface, the author tells us of the London to be thus laid bare. It is "not the London of Mr. Pickwick, or the London of Lord Steyne, or the London of Disraeli's cooks and dukes, but the living, breathing, squalid and heroic, cosmopolitan London of to-day." On this spacious canvas one figure has been painted in *A London Girl* (Alston Rivers: 3s. 6d.) The book is divided into three parts, the titles of which sufficiently suggest their contents: The Danger, Riot, The Descent. In these are told the story of a girl's life of shame, told realistically, vividly, and without prurience. It is a chapter of London life which the author assures us has never been told, and all credit is due to him for his fearlessness in thus starting his series. Many will ask, "Was it necessary at all to write such a history?" Our answer is an unhesitating "Yes," for if there were no other reason, it is enough that this book will bring home to British respectability and self-complacency the force of the French proverb, "*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*" An interesting comparison can be made between this book and another published by the same house—*Publican and Serf* (6d. net.), from the Russian of Skitaletz. This is a story of vagrant life in Russia, which is described with all the detailed realism of the modern Russian school.

To Order This Week

General Literature, Etc.

The Life of St. Patrick. By Professor J. B. Bury. (Macmillan: 12s. net.)

Sea Life in Nelson's Time. By John Masefield. (Methuen: 3s. 6d. net.)

The Voice of the Mountains. By E. A. Baker and F. E. Ross. (Routledge: 2s. 6d.)

A Descriptive Handbook of Architecture. By M. A. Buckmaster. (Routledge: 3s. 6d.)

Life of Charles Lamb. By E. V. Lucas. 2 vols. (Methuen: 21s. net.)

New Fiction

A London Girl. (Alston Rivers: 3s. 6d.)

By the Gods Beloved. By Baroness Orczy. (Greening: 6s.)

The Improbable Idyll. By Dorothea Gerard. (Methuen: 6s.)

The Claim Jumpers. By Stewart Edward White. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

The Pillar of Light. By Louis Tracy. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

The Romance of the Fountain. By E. Lee Hamilton. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

Mr. Fisher Unwin has just published an important book on Thorne's pe R.G.S. The materials for a glorified pamp ng a journey in Siberia in 1903. for that rea erchants (Siverian, Russian, Danish, "When it wa was able to collect much information, under his pe social and industrial conditions of the than almos ds his unaccompanied climbs in the moun- eldest son overed in the Kutunski Belki Range, in the accounts miles off the Great Siberian Railway line, from ng miles beyond Moscow. He also describes a 1,600 miles on sledge, drosky, and horseback, journey being through country which has never trated by any other Europeans, even in summer. geographical, botanical, and zoological information is which will be of great interest to scientists. The volume ately illustrated from photographs by the author.

his *Life of St. Patrick* (Macmillan: 12s. net.), the first really authentic life of Ireland's patron saint, Professor Bury has not only given us another authoritative volume for our bookshelves, but also an entertaining biography. The previous life to which the student has hitherto had to turn—that of Todd—was rendered untrustworthy, as is the case with many writings on historical subjects, owing to its strong ecclesiastical bias. As Professor Bury says, "The business of the historian is to ascertain facts," whatever the conclusions may be to which they bring him. The place of the Saint's birth is still a mystery, though Professor Bury inclines toward believing it to have been in England, and somewhere in the Severn Valley. Some writers have supposed it to have been at Boulogne, and others at Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton. It will thus be seen that there has been much conjecture to sweep aside, and also much controversy to overcome. This, Professor Bury has done, and presented us with a clearly set forth life of the Saint, drawn only from authoritative sources. The volume contains a voluminous appendix, wherein the student may ramble to his heart's desire.

The Voice of the Mountains (Routledge: 2s. 6d.), is a little anthology of the open-air sort, which comes clad in the same garb as Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Open Road," mentioned in these columns last week. The compilers are Messrs. E. A. Baker and F. E. Ross, the last-named of whom, as a member of the Climbers' Club, has, no doubt, been well able to choose which of our writers of prose and poetry have spoken truly and sincerely of his favourite haunts. We notice in the selection many a gem which must be quite out of the way of the general reader, who could have no better book than this to slip in the pocket when going on an open-air jaunt. Another work from the same publishers is a little work on Architecture, by Mr. Martin A. Buckmaster, Art Master at Tonbridge School. The title is, *A Descriptive Book on Architecture*, and the idea has been not so much to present a treatise on the subject as to "outline the various styles, and to trace briefly their development." This is done in an interesting and concise manner, and the illustrations which illustrate the text are both well chosen and well reproduced. The price of the book is three and six.

G. F. J.

A Bookman's Gossip

Bookish Baronesses

Q... Baroness ... most ...ure being "The ...ibition of 1892. ...ed Mr. Montagu ... black and white ...she discover her ... where she and ...ton, there were ...ne "literary" ...g had a short ...lar magazine, ... much wider ...as successful ...and with a ... guests," who ... of *Pearson's* ... whom it was ...ubmitted. This ...ning of many ...d by her to ...hles, some ... the shape of a ...ve, I understand, ...al favour. With none of these ...tings of the Baroness Orczy ... I profess to be familiar but I am interested to know that her success, which is by no means inconsiderable, both on the stage and in novel-writing, has been attained entirely without influence, and simply by submitting her plays and her books in likely quarters, leaving them to take their chance.

Baroness Orczy

The author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which was such a success both in play and novel form. Baroness Orczy has just published a new novel. "By the Gods Beloved" (Greening). (See page 604)

made a double hit at the beginning of the present year with her play and novel, "The Scarlet Pimpernel." I somehow missed the book at the time of its appearance, and have only recently had an opportunity of reading it, but so engrossing have I found it, that I can well understand its immediate success, both on the stage and as a novel. Assuredly, the French Revolution has been well-worn as scenario for fiction; the list of novels concerned with that troublous time must be absolutely endless; but the Baroness Orczy has, by virtue of a spirited tale, full of genuine dramatic force and admirably conceived situations, together with excellent studies of character and a universality of knowledge which is noteworthy, produced a book deserving of mention with the best historical novels of the last few years. On the strength of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" her new story, "By the Gods Beloved," which has just been published by Messrs. Greening and Co., is bound to receive a warm welcome.

The Baroness Orczy

The career of the Baroness Orczy has been distinctly interesting. A Hungarian by birth, she is the daughter of the late Baron Orczy, director of the Buda-Pesth Opera House, and up to the age of fifteen she had not even seen the country of her adoption, being then entirely unacquainted with the English language, although she spoke her native tongue and French and German with fluency. After coming to London in her girlhood, her earliest ambition was to become an artist, and to this end she studied for some years at "Heatherly's," exhibiting with success at the

Remembering the Odd Thing

I am often tempted to wonder if there are many people who resemble myself in their capacity for remembering the odd things which they have read. I have just had a curious incident of this in my own experience. Happening to require a literary illustration of uncultured taste, I struck upon the case of Man Friday, who, on the occasion of his first meal in the company of Robinson Crusoe, displayed the greatest disgust for food that was flavoured with salt. But after I had written my note—as often happens to journalists—I found myself in some doubt as to whether the allusion was correctly made to "Robinson Crusoe." When the proofs came, I was away from all possibilities of referring to the original, and could only ask a number of people I met in the country whether they recollected the incident. Several of these were gentlemen who, unlike myself, had read "Robinson Crusoe" half a dozen times over. None of them remembered the episode. When I came back to town the matter again cropped up, and I took occasion to ask a number of my literary

acquaintances, with the same result: that not a single one had the slightest recollection of having come across this incident in their reading of Defoe's immortal story. Finally, I sought out a copy of the book itself, and found that I had remembered it correctly, although I have only read "Robinson Crusoe" once, and that upwards of twenty-five years ago. I am afraid that my memory would be less responsive to the more important episodes of the story; but there are times when this propensity for remembering the odd rather than the essential thing is not altogether a fault. It comes, I fancy, from a taste for out-of-the-way reading, and it is flattering to one's self-esteem to recall that Charles Lamb confessed to just this inclination.

Mr. C. Ranger-Gull

Since returning to town, I have been reading two books by this brilliant young novelist, of whose career I have already written. But I confess that I did not know until the other day that he is also "Guy Thorne," the author of that much-discussed novel, "A Lost Cause." What an industrious writer he must be! He has written a round dozen of novels in the last six or seven years, and is not yet thirty. Evidently his "simple life" away on the Cornish coast is just the condition to increase his literary activity, and it has resulted admirably in enabling him to give to novel-writing those energies which were in danger of being absorbed in London journalism. "Portalone" was a good story; "The Serf" a capital historical romance; but "The Harvest of Love" (John Long: 6s.) is Mr. Ranger-Gull's best book to date, and the surest proof he has given of ripening power. He has still his faults of style; his journalese at times; but there is real strength in this moving story; observation, restraint, construction. He is out-growing his youthful fondness for the easy smartness of "brilliant" dialogue, and quite obviously establishing himself among the serious exponents of the modern novel. I cannot say so much for "A Lost Cause"; perhaps because I am out of sympathy with "Guy Thorne's" point of view; but, in any case, it is only a glorified pamphlet, "a novel with a purpose," and for that reason not to be regarded as literature. "When it was Dark," another of the novels written under his pen-name, had a greater success, I fancy, than almost any other book of his. He is the eldest son of the vicar of Rainhill, which, no doubt, accounts for his keen interest in Mother Church.

Miss Braddon

The wonderful popularity of Miss Braddon's novels is seen in the fact that her publishers (Messrs. Simpkin) have recently completed a re-issue of the "Author's Edition" of her books, numbering fifty-eight volumes. This is, among living authors at least, a "record." Not always, indeed, does a popular novelist see a uniform edition of his books in his own time; rarely a re-issue of the edition, especially when it numbers anything like half a hundred volumes. Miss Braddon has enjoyed an unusually long career of popularity, although she is not yet three-score and ten. She was famous well-nigh half a century ago, and it is forty years since Henry S. Leigh was singing:

> For your Bulwers and your Braddons and your Collinses may grovel
> In an atmosphere of horror and a wilderness of crime;
> 'Twas for *me* to controvert them, and I did so in a novel
> Which was commonly considered "but a step from the sublime."

A wonderful Open-air Theatre at Béziers

On August 29 a performance was given in the Théâtre des Arènes of *Les Hérétiques*, an opera specially composed for this theatre by Charles Levadé, the book by Ferdinand Hérold. Some idea of the magnitude of the production may be gauged from the fact that there were no less than 500 performers altogether—250 on the stage and 250 in the orchestra. The huge "built-up" scene illustrates the town of Béziers in the thirteenth century. The principals were drawn from the leading theatres in Paris, including the Opera and Opera Comique. The premiere danseuse was Mdlle. Julia Antonacci, from the Scala, at Milan

"The Discretion of a Duchess"

(With apologies to Mr. Anthony Hope)

"Yes," said the Duchess of C——, sighing pensively, "although I'm *not*, there is no doubt I look a little improper."

The Duchess was always very outspoken amongst her intimates.

"What nonsense!" protested her friend, Lady A——, to whom the "soft impeachment" could not apply, being in appearance a very tall and statuesque beauty of the ultra *grande dame* order.

"Well, I must, or it wouldn't have happened to me," the Duchess asserted, with plaintive self-satisfaction.

"How did it happen?" asked Lady A——.

A Seaside Study: The Diver
Drawn by Charles Lane Vicary

"Well, I had an appointment with my dentist just round the corner, and I got there too soon, so I sent the carriage away and strolled up Bond Street. I did stroll, I own," she added, looking at her friend inquiringly.

Lady A——, however, merely nodded.

"And stopped outside my hat shop," she continued, a little defiantly. "I was admiring a certain hat very intently, when I heard a voice at my elbow saying, 'Would you like one of those hats, my pretty dear?' I was frightfully startled, but I kept my head turned, or rather unturned, until I could weigh up the situation. Then I looked up with what was meant to be a bewitching smile, and said coyly: 'Yes, I should.' 'Come in, then, and I'll buy you one'; and we went in."

"What was he like?" asked Lady A——, with an attempted frown.

"Oh, I didn't look at him; I couldn't trust myself to do that much, but I think he had a waxed moustache, and a buttonhole, and a shiny hat, and all that," she added, inconsequently. "It didn't take long; the one I admired was seven guineas. 'Isn't that rather dear?' I murmured, more from habit than anything else; but the creature broke in on the shopwoman's deprecating smile, 'Not a bit; it's worth it!' and as he put the money down on the counter he—ugh!"—the Duchess here gave a convincingly convulsive little shudder—"he actually pressed my arm. 'And now,' he said, looking at me, 'what address shall it be sent to?' 'We have her Grace's address, thank you, sir,' broke in the head woman, somewhat haughtily, I thought. I don't know what she thought. I hope she didn't look at the man. I did in the glass, as he passed out just behind me—he was green!"

She lay back in her chair, and laughed gently. Lady A—— endeavoured to keep a disapproving silence, although the corners of her mouth twitched ominously.

"Well?" she asked, severely.

"Oh, that's all; isn't it enough?" laughed the Duchess. "The hat arrived; of course, I told Clarry all about it. Yes," she said reflectively, "at first he was in a furious rage, and then he had to laugh, too."

"And the hat," asked Lady A——, making vain efforts to preserve a severe countenance, "of course, you gave *that* to your maid?"

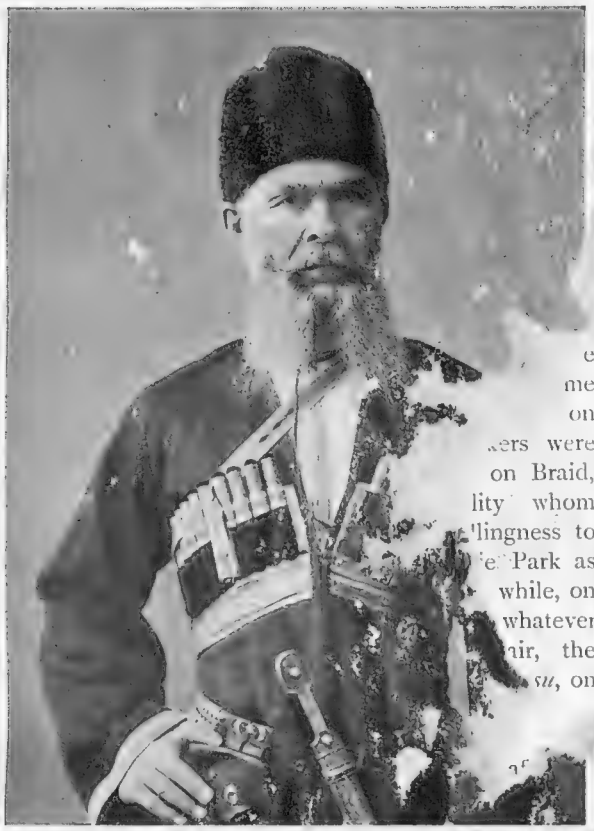
"Or to a hospital!" said the Duchess, with an answering twinkle. "Is it likely? I wore it. I wear it now. In fact, I've got it on!"

"How can you?" exclaimed her friend, with a horrified grimace; "the creature might recognise you."

"Well, what if he did? There was no intentional false pretences on my part, you see; and, after all, the law is on my side. You know that sort of thing is——"

Yes, I know, I know," broke in Lady A——; "and yet men say that women have no sense of humour!"

The Reign of Terror in the Caucasus



A Cossack of the Caucasus

Our illustration shows a typical Cossack of the Caucasus, half-savage troops [illegible] artillery upon the offices of Mr. [illegible]hart, just re-appointed British Vice-Consul at Baku, and still managing director of four [illegible] Oil Companies. The Cossacks of the Caucasus are credited with having killed more than two thousand [illegible] Armenians during the present reign of anarchy.

Aptly enough the Caucasus is the land of lurid scenes of murder and barbarism, be termed "The Dominion of the Bear." Many ages ago, at Sabalan, which lower between the Black and [illegible]ke an ar[illegible] while Here[illegible] was a place of supernatural wonder having four[illegible] from whom the Russians forced it. On the E[illegible] indispensable supply of oil, the wanting o[illegible] vast importance to Great Britain, for his side [illegible]tively recently four Companies were greens[illegible] London (with a share and debenture [illegible] of nearly five millions sterling), all of which [illegible] engaged in pumping and refining petroleum, in [illegible]hbourhood of Baku. Thirty years ago there only one oil well in the Baku district; now there [illegible]er four hundred.

[illegible]u oil is given to spontaneous ignition, and it [illegible]is fact that caused the Parsees, who worshipped [illegible]e, to deem the site holy ground. Baku is one of the few places on earth where excess of affluence [illegible]s disaster. In such volume do these apparently [illegible]ticle oil-wells spout, that it is not uncommon for the outflow to rise in gigantic geysers, 350 feet in height, form vast lakes, which swamp the country, and then rush in rivers to the sea. One of these spouters, not long ago, broke out with such violence as to emit 11,000 tons of oil a day, a quantity, at that time, exceeding the production of all the rest of the world!

The Armenian village of Minkend, all the inhabitants of which have been massacred by the Tartars

According to the latest telegrams from the Caucasus, the Russian troops at Baku are unable to cope with the reign of terror in that city. In the villages of Dudukchu, Achilla, Akbulaeb, and Charmantchi, in the Elizabetpol Government, the entire male population has been massacred to a man, while the inhabitants of the unfortunate Armenian village of Minkend, in the district of Zangesursk, of which we reproduce a photograph, were put to death with horrible torture by the Tartars

Swamp of Blood"

Oil-workers' wives and daughters

This photograph, taken on a Sunday at the Armenian workmen's settlement near Baku, shows a group of the oil-workers' wives and daughters in typical holiday costume. According to the *Novoye Vremya*, very many hundreds of these women and children have been murdered without mercy by bands of Tartars, who are roaming over the country, setting fire to oil-wells, factories and Armenian villages in their march

The Kislovodsk Railway Viaduct

According to a *Novoye Vremya* telegram, the Kislovodsk Railway Viaduct, in the Caucasus, has been the scene of horrible wholesale murder. Seventeen Russian soldiers and railway officials were captured by a band of bloodthirsty Tartars, who bound their victims hand and foot, and cast them headlong from the railway bridge on to the rocky road below

Golf Notes an

The International Foursome

The great match is over, and has resulted in a handsome victory for Vardon and Taylor. The match, it will be remembered, arose out of a suggestion by Mr. Frank Kinloch, for which we must all be most grateful to him. He proposed that a Scottish pair should be pitted against an English couple, and that the match should be played over four greens. The idea was eagerly take up, for we have all feasted to repletion on a serie great professional scoring tournaments or exhib matches at the opening of new courses, an welcomed the proposition of a big fo battle between the two leading playe either side of the border. Scottish bac soon found ready to stake their money and any other player of his nationa he might select. Braid signified his wil play if allowed to have either Herd or Will a partner. Eventually Herd was chosen, the other side, there was no reluctance to back the chances of the English p choice of representatives falling *omnium consen* Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor.

The Merits of the Players

It is easy to be wise after the event, and while I doubt whether the betting on the match before it started ever ruled higher than even money in the case of either pair, yet, looking at the two combinations with a careful and critical eye, I should always have been inclined to back Vardon and Taylor Braid, at the present moment, is, perhaps, a shade the best of the four players, but the superiority is so slight as not to count in a foursome against two such consistent players as Vardon and Taylor. Herd is, on his day, one of the most brilliant players living, but he is not consistent, and has been known on occasions to do a magnificent round in the morning, and return a score in the afternoon some twelve strokes worse He seems also to have been somewhat hampered by a strained knee muscle, which, in a critical match extending over a period of a month, must have been a serious handicap. But apart from this, I should imagine that this element of uncertainty in Herd's game must have had some effect on Braid's nerves It must have made him feel that the success of his side depended in a very large measure on his ability to produce his very best game at each stage of the match, and this feeling, coupled with the latent doubt as to whether his partner would be in a brilliant or a mediocre mood must have tended to put a severe strain on even his imperturbable temperament.

The Contest from a Psychological Standpoint

This psychological element of doubt was completely absent from the other side, for neither Vardon nor Taylor can have had the least nervous apprehension as to the other's form. Each of them can almost always be t[illegible] or something very near[illegible] on demands it. One has [illegible]e record of the match to see how [illegible] works out. Braid, after a brilliant st[illegible]ws, where he must have played i[illegible]e foun[illegible]steadily deteriorating, h[illegible]g to fear on his side, once [illegible]vent on steadily improving. [illegible]aylor seems to have been [illegible]asion, at St. Anne's, where [illegible]t his play on the other three [illegible]n worthy of his best days; [illegible]a a few missed short putts, [illegible]l superbly all through. I [illegible]fess that I was unable to o[illegible]any of the greens over which and that, like the German professor [illegible] upon to describe an animal he had [illegible]n, I have to evolve it out of my inner [illegible]isness, aided, however, unlike the professor, [illegible] many excellent reports in the daily and weekly [illegible]s. I would counsel those in a similar case to myself to read the admirable accounts of the various stages of the match penned by Mr. Henry Leach in *Golf Illustrated.*

Some Future Possibilities

I had intended to see the last stage at Deal, but the Scottish Sedan at Troon had robbed the match of all real interest, and, in spite of the partial recovery at St. Anne's, I felt that it was humanly impossible for any pair, however good, to give Vardon and Taylor 7 holes up in 36 and stand the least chance of anything but a severe beating. Therefore, I thought it best not to journey to Deal and have the pain of watching two great players fighting a hopeless battle. There are some who think that Braid would do better in another match if partnered with Willie Park or Andrew Kirkcaldy. Perhaps a match on these lines may be arranged, but in fairness to Herd, it must be stated that nothing in his play, from all accounts, justifies this reflection on him. It is more a question of the psychological equation, and it is just possible that Braid would feel easier in his mind with Willie Park, whose long game has immensely improved, and whose putting is what it has always been, the very best in the world. After all has been said, there remains the fact, that Braid and Herd won on two greens out of the four, and that had the match been decided by greens, as has been done in the case of some former matches, they would have been all square with their victorious adversaries. I expect that if another match is arranged it will be decided, not by holes, but by points, each win counting so many points in proportion to the number of holes won, or else, disregarding the number of holes up, each green constituting a point, a fifth green being added if each side should prove victorious on two courses.

Ernest Lehmann

Salmon Fishing in the Orchy

LORD BREADALBANE'S ACTION TO PREVENT OVER-NETTING

The salmon-fishing in the Orchy, which runs through lovely Argyllshire scenery, the property of the Marquis of Breadalbane, into Loch Awe, was once famous, but of late seasons it has not given such satisfaction as formerly. In some of the best pools, indeed, the fishing of which is shared by Mr. Mayo Robson (lessee of the Craig shooting) and the hotel at Dalmally, not more than half a dozen fish have been killed this autumn. Next season, however, great things are hoped of the Orchy, thanks entirely to the admirable action taken by Lord Breadalbane in securing the rights in the net-fishing above Poolfearn, and thus ensuring the removal of the nets every night. This will mean nothing less than a right of way for fish through the Pass of Brander, and so into and through Loch Awe. It is well known in the locality that the travelling salmon are most active at night, so that the benefit conferred by Lord Breadalbane's timely interference with the present over-netting may be incalculable, and will, in any case, make itself felt in the Orchy rod-fishing by next spring. No other river in all that watershed, if any, indeed, in the whole of the West Highlands, has more likely looking pools, or, indeed, a finer record of sport in the past, and only excessive net-fishing lower down can be held accountable for recent disappointment. Such, at least, is evidently Lord Breadlabane's view, and the result of his action will, in all probability, confirm it.

By the Falls of Orchy, Argyllshire

Kodak *F. G. Aflalo*

A fine pool for salmon in the Orchy

Matters Musical

On Programme Music

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford has, we are [illegible] just completed [illegible]sic [illegible] new symphony commemoration [illegible]ork of the [illegible]e G. F. Wa[illegible]. Of course, the first question asked by an eager public will be as to whether this may or may not be described as prog[illegible]e music, and it is surely permissible to deplore [illegible] such a lot of prog[illegible] [illegible] appreciated works do not [illegible]quire to be studied with programme (the [illegible], we would co existence) runs the risk being dubbed antiquated and old-fashione[illegible]. We have ourselves, [illegible]y times, watched people at concerts when "programme music" was being performed, and when a more than usually weird phrase is heard, they are fain to gaze at the programme, to see, forsooth, what it may be intended to represent! Having, as they think, traced the idea, they remark on it with great complacency to their neighbours, though their faces, often enough, show their absolute perplexity (as well they may). When one has the opportunity, as just now at the Promenade Concerts, of listening to a series of symphonies by such a master as Beethoven, one realises how entirely independent he was of anything approaching a "programme," and how easily his works are understood, by consequence. Compositions through which one needs to be personally conducted by the author, or, worse still, by the hireling writer of analytical programmes, are no pleasure to listen to, and will hardly, one hopes, stand the test of time.

Photo by *Vandyk*

Miss Edith Miller

Two New Conductors for the L.S.O., Ltd.

The London Symphony Orchestra, Ltd., have issued a prospectus for their second season, in which several points arrest the attention. Dr. Hans Richter will conduct the four evening concerts, the first of these being the inaugural performance of the season. It will be remembered that Dr. Richter directed the first concert given by this band in June, 1904, with extraordinary success, and he was to have presided at a concert given by them in the early part of this year, but was prevented through illness. Herr Arthur Nikisch, Herr Fritz Steinbach, Sir Chas. Stanford, M. Wassili Safonoff, and Herr Ernst von Schuch, are to be responsible for the remaining concerts. All these officiated last year, with the exception of the last two. Herr von Schuch, the general musical director at Dresden, conducted for the first time in England at the Kubelik concert in June last, and won much favour. M. Safonoff is a total stranger to the London public; he is general music director at Moscow, and a specialist in musical art of Tchaikovsky, being in great repute on that account on the Continent.

An Opportunity for Struggling Genius

A noteworthy announcement is that répertoire rehearsals are to be held "with the objects of trying over new music to be added to the repertoire, and of giving British composers an opportunity of hearing new compositions of their own, with the possibility of these being heard at the London Symphony Orchestra's Concerts."

H. F.

Miss Edith Miller, the Canadian Contralto

In the promising school of the younger singers, none is so promising as Miss Edith Miller, the Canadian Contralto, who is to give her first London Recital in November under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. This unusual honour Miss Miller owes, no doubt, to the fact, that while the Prince and Princess, during their journey round the British Empire in the *Ophir*, were travelling through the Dominion, she was privileged to sing before them, and was presented to them by the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba as a "representative Canadian contralto." Miss Miller's reputation is, however, by no means confined to her own great Colony. For four years she lived and sang in New York, where the eloquent New York Press, in allusion to her birthplace, which was Winnipeg, among the Manitoban wheat country, styled her the "Prairie Thrush." She sang for four years in the choir of St. Bartholomew's, Madison Avenue, to a congregation of millionaires and the Four Hundred; and, after a return to Canada, has now come again to Europe, where her musical education began some seven years ago under Randegger and Madame Marchesi.

Science v. Strength

FRENCH POLICE METHODS WITH TOUGH CUSTOMERS

Disarming a man who has a knife

Hold the arm rigid, and with the right thumb press tightly on the pulse of your adversary. This will render his arm powerless, and force him to drop the knife. Too much praise cannot be given the subject of this demonstration for his realistic expression of pain

A respectful "adversary

Seize your adversary by the back of the neck with your hands clasped, and jab his head violently on your knee. Some "adversaries" might make more use of their arms than the respectful subject of this demonstration

Method of frightening a savage dog

The above illustrations are taken from a series of photographs supplied by a French Commissaire of Police. While their value must be admitted, one may be permitted a passing smile at their ingenuousness. "A dog (runs the description) is always afraid of an abnormal object. One can easily, therefore, put to flight a savage dog by covering one's head with a cloth to hide the countenance, or even by holding a cloth between the teeth and advancing upon the animal on hands and knees"

The First Motor Cycle Trials in India

Mr. Pat Stewart, the winner of the Cup, who rode a 2¾ h.-p. "Royal Riley." Time, 5 hrs. 11 mins.

The first Motor Cycle Trials in India took place last month, between Poona and Satara, a distance of 140 miles. The road included two ghats —the first, the Katraj Ghat—which, after three miles, dives for a quarter of a mile through a tunnel, the second, the Khandala Ghat, three-and-a half miles long, the steepest gradient of which is one in four, including a V curve. The only protection at the side of the road is a two-feet wall, which is often missing

Photos by *Stewart and Sons, Poona*

Mr. Talbot, an 18-stone competitor, and his 2¾ h.-p. "Chase"

Mr. Pat Stewart, the winner, made a non-stop run on his 2¾ h.-p. "Royal Riley," in 5 hrs. 11 min.. Lieutenant Jenkins, who was second, made the run in 6 hrs. 5 min. There were fifteen competitors. All the villagers along the run turned out and spent the day sitting at the side of the road watching for the cyclists and cars which accompanied them. On the extreme left of our illustration is Mr. Rookh Shah, the giver of the Cup, and cousin of the Aga Khan, the descendant of Mohammed

The Isle of Man Motor Tests for the Tourist Trophy

Mr. J. S. Napier (the winner of the Trophy), driving his 18 h.-p. Arrol-Johnston Car

The course to be run over was the one used this year for the Gordon-Bennett Eliminating Trials. The circuit is 52 miles 220 yards in length, and this had to be covered four times, making a distance of 208½ miles. By the rules of the contest, this distance had to be done on 9¼ gallons of petrol, the trophy going to the car making the best speed

How the Cars reached the starting point

The winner's time for the entire distance was 6 hrs. 9 mins. 14 2-5th sec., the Arrol-Johnston car distinguishing itself by remarkably even running. The Hon. C. S. Rolls was put out of the race by a smashed gear, which was suspected to be the result of a dirty piece of work on the part of some unknown person, who had dropped a number of small nuts and screws into the gear box

With Knapsack and Kodak

By Our Special Walking Commissioner,

HENRY MURRAY

No. IV.—Tramping through Devon

In the Country of "Lorna Doone"

This is the final week of my pilgrimage, at least for the present. It has led me as far as the quaint and picturesque village of Sticklepath, on the extreme northern edge of Dartmoor Forest, through a succession of scenes of much loveliness, such as no poet's or painter's imagination has ever surpassed. The south-western counties of England are all beautiful, and richly merit the title accorded to them of "the garden of England." But Devon surpasses them all. As one crosses its frontier the aspect of nature seems to change. The sky seems bluer, the grass greener, the cattle redder, the foliage more abundant, the streams more frequent and more picturesque; the entire landscape to be bathed in a clearer and more tranquil air than is to be found elsewhere. It is pleasant thus to travel on, with haunting memories of the solemn grandeurs of Salisbury and Sherborne and Exeter, with echoes of their superb organ-music lingering in the brain, through the quiet versatilities of the weather of a late English summer; through gentle rain and tranquil sunlight, each alike seeming to deepen the already deep tranquillity of the quiet country ways. And what pen could hope to describe the sombre beauty of the illimitable reaches of hill and dale, flushed with the fervent blush of heather, and starred with patches of golden gorse, of the superb wild of Dartmoor? Not mine, at least. There are revelations of beauty before which one can only stand in dumb thankfulness that they exist.

The Dancing Bear
A common sight in the country

A Ruined Cottage near Cheriton
The only abandoned cottage passed by our Commissioner on his walk from Basingstoke to Sticklepath

The Labour Problem in the West

As I proceed further and further into the south and west, I find the problem which had been set to me to solve becoming easier. The "suck" of the great cities, the whirlpools into which the rural population is being drawn, is felt less and less. Where I am now writing—the village of Sticklepath, which is practically one with South Zeal and South Tawton—the exodus has hardly made itself felt at all. There always seems to be sufficient local labour for local needs, and the wages of unskilled labour have mounted steadily as I have progressed. In Wilts and Dorset thirteen shillings a week seems to be the average. Here, the ordinary agricultural labourer can make eighteen shillings a week. This extra prosperity would seem to be at least partly the result of the action of a company which has founded a number of copper-mines in the district; but perhaps as much of the prosperity of the district is attributable to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, part of whose patrimony is the Duchy of Cornwall, which includes the entire area of Dartmoor Forest.

The Prince of Wales's Example to Landlords

With a wise generosity, His Royal Highness permits the peasantry to fence and cultivate large strips of the moor, and is thus helping to solve the great agrarian problem of the day—how to keep the rural population on the soil. The ground thus acquired is practically freehold, the only conditions being that the tenant shall pay the registration fee and keep the land going with a proper rotation of crops. If other great landholders would imitate His Royal Highness's example in the same liberal fashion, uncountable good would be done. It is, as I hope to demonstrate in my next and final article, the impossibility, under existing conditions, of the peasant to hold a quantum of land and to reap the full fruits of his industry, which is the most powerful of the many and complex reasons for his quitting his native village and trying his fortune in the nearest town. All other causes—the increased use of machinery, the lack of winter labour, personal ambition, the desire for the freer and fuller life of the city—are subsidiary to this. The instinct of the peasant is, generally, to stick to the soil. He asks no other and no better fate than to live and die where his ancestors lived and died before him. And if existing conditions make that impossible, how is he to be blamed for trying his luck elsewhere?

The Land of Cider and Contentment

Midway between Honiton and Exeter, and a few miles off the main road, lies the village of Whimple, the heart of the Devonshire cider industry, long a

place of local renown, and now winning for itself a degree of fame which may, one day, make it rank with Burton-on-Trent. The district is thickly dotted with orchards, and the stout branches are bending under the load of their ruddy, glistening crop of full-juiced apples. It is a slack time of the year just at present, but, though slack, it is also an anxious one. The crop has been an admirable one, the best, I hear, for some seasons past; but what the spring frosts are to the horticulturist, the autumn winds are to the apple-grower, and a spiteful equinox may irretrievably ruin the fair prospect which shines upon the country-side. There is a great future in store for the Devonshire apple, and it is probable that a few years hence its cultivation may be the staple industry of the entire county. Taking the average of good and bad years, apple culture is an excellently paying industry. I hear of one farmer in the locality of Whimple who has sold the produce of an orchard of fourteen acres at a price which more than covers the rent of a farm of two hundred acres. The crops are bought at about this time of the year as they stand, and will not be plucked for some weeks to come, about the beginning of October, so that the risk of loss by untimely winds falls much more heavily on the manufacturer of cider than on the grower of the apples.

The Church, Zeal Village, Devon

A "Sober" Peasantry, Their Country's Pride

By universal testimony, the population along the line of road I have travelled—which population I take to be perfectly typical of the general population of the southern and western counties—is growing every year more sober. I can personally depone that in the two hundred miles I have traversed during the last month I have not seen a single drunken man. Casual labour is never needed here, so the tramp, always a rather rare figure on the route I have followed, has practically vanished from the road. The last I met was in the neighbourhood of Cheriton, a family of three, a woman of presumably about forty, her daughter, aged twelve, and her little son, aged ten. They had walked from Southampton to where I found them, a distance of a hundred miles, in four days, their ultimate destination being Okehampton, where the woman had a cousin in service, and they had covered as much as twenty-seven miles in a single day. They had started with a total capital of seven shillings and threepence, and had, the mother assured me, spent only one night—and that the last—in what she called "the big house"—*Anglicé*, the workhouse. The children looked fit and healthy, the mother rather haggard and hunger-bitten. Close by the same spot I came upon the only abandoned and ruined cottage I have yet seen, which I photographed. I would have been glad to have learned its history and the reason of its desertion, but could find nobody of whom to make inquiry.

The Entrance to the old Inn at Zeal

An Optimistic Outlook!

I cannot but come to the conclusion—a conclusion strengthened by the assent of such casual acquaintances I have met *en route* who were familiar with other parts of the British provinces—that the counties through which I have travelled—Hants, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, and Devon—have been comparatively lightly touched by the blight which has assailed agricultural industry elsewhere. I have nowhere found necessary work going undone because there was not to be had the labour required to perform it. And, on the other hand, I have nowhere found any mass of labourers who could not get employment. I have seen no deserted villages, nor any sign of destitution or privation among the remaining rural population. The population of the southern counties would seem to be practically standing still. It is certainly not rapidly, or even visibly, falling off. I have come across no cases of wholesale or unjust eviction; I have heard no tales of woe occasioned by the tyranny of landlords, farmers, or clergy. The element of drama has been conspicuously lacking. The problem of who is to remain upon the soil and who is to quit it seems to be solving itself, so to speak, automatically. Those for whom the country-side can find a decent subsistence remain. The remainder, who are, of course, the majority of the younger generation, are emigrating or making for the great towns. It is by no means the healthiest conceivable condition of things. It is, in fact, a grievous pity, for all recorded history goes to prove that the English peasant has been as powerful a factor in building up the wealth and power of England as any other body of men in the State. But I do not believe the evil to be so great as it has been represented to be. Most people get their conception of things in general from the newspapers, and the journalist is apt at moments to become a little hysterical and exaggerative. Nor do I believe the evil to be beyond the power of remedy. The question is, beyond all denial, a great one, and, on the surface, it looks extremely complex. I do not believe it to be nearly so complex as it looks, or that it presents any problem which sane statesmanship and an exercise of the civic virtues which, as a nation, we flatter ourselves on possessing, cannot overcome in the space of a single generation.

HENRY MURRAY.

(To be continued)

(The accompanying snapshots were taken with a Kodak)

The Connoisseur

OLD PRINTS—III.

Although the mezzotints of which we have spoken in previous articles are, for the moment, most greatly in vogue, the many other agreeable branches of the eighteenth-century engravers' art are certainly not neglected. The disproportionately large prices paid by collectors under the hammer for stipple and colour prints alone show the extraordinary popularity of, especially, the delicate work by John Condé, after the Cosway portraits of the ladies of the Court of the Prince Regent. Among these, one of the most sought after is the well-known full-length of Mrs. Fitzherbert, whose romantic history and supposed wrongs add further interest to the qualities of the artists' and engravers' work. The art of the colour printer was, no doubt, brought to the nearest point of perfection at the end of the eighteenth century, but this fact cannot be traced, as has sometimes been suggested, to an intimate sympathy between the printers and engravers of that time. The stipple engravings were completely finished for the production of monochrome prints, and when it was found that a subject printed in the same way in colours was more likely to attract, it was so produced. At the present time, many amateur collectors have some difficulty in distinguishing an original eighteenth-century colour-print from a monochrome of the same period which has been painted in water-colour. But in regard to stipple work, this matter can be settled by an examination of the dots that go to make up the drawing. If these actual dots are in colour, then one may be sure, at least, on the point that it is a colour-print, but if the dots are of colour and also the spaces between them, then it is apparent that a colour wash has been added. The difference in the artistic result may, or may not, be extremely important, but the value in the open market is quite another affair. Like all the eighteenth-century engravers' work, the last fifty years or so have seen an enormous increase in appreciation of the colour-prints, and therefore in their price. The chance of a lucky "find" in this direction becomes daily less and less probable. The beautiful mezzotint of the Duchess of Rutland, which we give from Mr. Whitman's valuable "Print Collectors' Handbook" (Bell & Sons), is an example of the change in prices which has taken place in regard to such work. At the sale of Sir Thomas Lawrence's prints in 1830, that of the Duchess, with impressions of engravings after portraits of some four other ladies of equal charm included in the lot, was knocked down for £3 10*s.*; but at the Blyth sale, in 1901, the fellow print from Valentine Green's work brought no less than one thousand guineas. It seems probable, however, that the high-water mark of prices in this direction has been reached, and although the finest prints are not likely to decrease in value, the old, brave days when it was possible to buy for shillings and sell for hundreds of pounds have passed for ever.

E. M.

"Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland." After Sir Joshua Reynolds. From a Mezzotint by Valentine Green, 1870

(From "The Print Collector's Handbook," published by Messrs. Bell & Sons)

A Woman's Note Book

The Boredom of Winter in the Country

It is generally with a feeling of regret that we prepare ourselves for settling down to the winter. Autumn seems to have come very suddenly this year, and already the long evenings begin to make themselves felt. There are two ways of viewing these long evenings—I mean for those who live in the country. In London, such variations matter but little, for if you are bored you may easily seek amusement, or if you prefer to sit cosily with books over your own fireside there is nothing to prevent it. But in the country, winter life is an absolutely different existence to summer—bad roads, long distances, and other inconveniences, make going out at night more of a labour than a pleasure; besides which, entertainments are few and far between. Therefore, people are thrown on their own resources and interests, and it all depends upon the nature, number, and strength of these, whether or not the long evening is a great joy or a horrible calamity. To one person of active mind and praiseworthy industry, it is an opportunity for "getting through" all sorts of work for which the outdoor life of summer left but little time; to another, it is a wearisome period to be lived through somehow, with the prospective comfort of better things to come.

Winter in the Dull, Drab Provinces

But winter in the country is not usually welcomed. We might suppose that people would be sufficiently enterprising to make special arrangements for it, and, at least, make the best of the inevitable; but this is rarely the case; and there is no way of employing the long hours, or even of wasting them, to be found, as a rule, in country places. Winter has, in fact, a most depressing effect upon most of the inhabitants of our dull provincial towns, which, it must be owned, are mainly populated by equally dull provincial people, and these good folks appear to have hardly any interests which will keep them busy and cheerful through prolonged periods of bad weather. In some places that I know, the inhabitants become absolutely unsociable, and really almost disappear—that is to say, they are but rarely seen in the street—and if you are hardy enough to penetrate within their inhospitable walls, you find them wearing out their old clothes and strongly objecting to your being witness of this interesting spectacle.

The Advantages of Personal Resource

Yet I wonder if personal resource is not a thing that can be developed; or is it a fact that so large a proportion of mankind is *obliged* to be dull. I really think being dull is just a way some people have. It runs in families, like their eyes and noses, and increases by habit and mutual intercourse. It would be no use to let a bright person loose in such a circle, for the preponderance of dulness would almost infallibly overcome her and make her as bad as the rest. Yet I do believe there are a good many things that people would positively enjoy doing if only they ever thought of them. Someone should start a sort of society in such country places to provide the inhabitants with cheery occupations during the winter months; it would be a true, and, surely, a popular, form of charity. The leading spirits would, of course, have to be very brave, and be willing to overcome numerous disappointments and prejudices; but the enterprise would be worth some trouble and patience, for at present the lives (it would be more fitting to say *existences*) of the women in the country during the winter are deplorable in their stupidity. They make an uncomfortable little clique of their own, in which to be uncomfortably bored, and their indifference to the interests of their immediate neighbours, to say nothing of the social and intellectual questions of the world at large, is either tragic or laughable. I hardly know which.

LADY PHYLLIS

Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

Somalis shopping in Brixton

Hersee Egyan, the Chief, with Ismail Apesa, the High Priest, four other men, and two children, from the Somali Encampment at the Crystal Palace, went shopping, to buy flannelette for winter clothing, at Brixton quite recently, giving the inhabitants of that very respectable, not to say somewhat superior, suburb a mild shock. Latest reports, however, announce that Brixton has fully recovered from this affront to its irreproachable respectability

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Everybody who is anybody has gone, or is going, North, while the nobodies who would fain be accounted somebodies, talk glibly of visits postponed, and of others which, wholly in their imagination, are to come off. These social figments of the brain have their similitude in the cows that were not cows, to that funny Mr. Concannon in *On the Love Path* at the Haymarket. By the way, I recall, some of the critics did not find him funny, so, perhaps, it will be safer if I leave the histrionic merits of the play alone and discuss the frocks.

Dress at the Haymarket

Miss Ellis Jeffreys is one of the few English actresses whose clothes may be watched with keenest interest. Miss Gertrude Kingston is another, and also Miss Violet Vanbrugh, but for the rest one reads the conventional will of the modiste, and, nine times out of ten, the gowns are on the actress but not of her. Now, Miss Ellis Jeffreys has either the most remarkable faculty for assimilating vogues, or she exerts her own individual intelligence in the selection thereof. Anyway, she makes an invariably pleasant picture, and unless my experience for once leads me astray, I am disposed to place the modistic success which is hers to a fine intuitive understanding.

If you notice, she never deserts those beautifully fitting high close collars, and I cannot, for the moment, recall her apart from an equally irreproachable high-draped belt. Her toilette in the third act of *On the Love Path* is a veritable dream of clever sartorial art, a thing of filmy white lace, the hems of the triple skirt outlined by a castellated *mouvement* of white moire. But it is the high folded belt of lovely *chiné* ribbon to the semi-*décolleté* corsage which is the real feature of the frock, the folds passing beneath the arms, and finishing in a bow high up in the front. The mystery, however, is enhanced by the upper part of this belt being veiled in the lace of the bodice, and yet withal is the silhouette of the gown simple in the extreme.

Superbly simple, and of a consequence ultra smart, is the white toile, inlet with broad insertions of tinted Venise lace, worn by Miss Jeffreys in the first act, the cross-over bodice enclosing a vest of fine lace, and the whole surmounted by a flower-wreathed hat of the small more or less sailor shape usually affected by this actress, uplifted at the back on a bow of Malmaison velvet.

A Seasonable Chapeau: A white felt hat, trimmed with garnet velvet
(Sketched by K. Pleydel Young)

Her yellow *batiste* dress I cared for less, although I noted with interest the army of little round pearl buttons introduced up the front of both skirt and corsage, also the deep scalloped applications of lace, both features of the immediate future. The other *habillée* dresses, worn by Miss Jessie Bateman and Miss Forbes Robertson, I frankly did not care for. They were picturesque, perhaps, but lacked *chic*, though, doubtless, for that very reason the stage picture was rendered the more perfect. We fashion chroniclers, when discussing stage clothes, are apt to take far too close and minute an inspection.

The Charms of Velvet

Velvet, very *souple*, light of weight, and subtly coloured, shows every likelihood of usurping a first place in evening vogues, and this fabric inevitably spells simplicity of outline. Almost, I think, on the measure of success accorded velvet will depend the ultimate acceptance of the "Princesse." There is, too,

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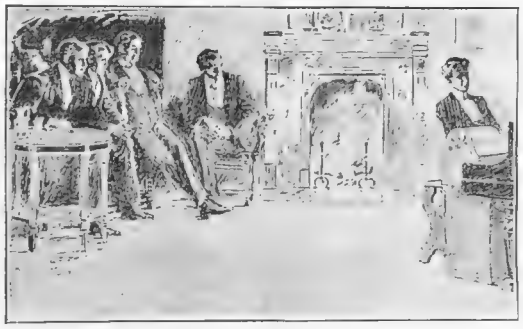

IN all probability you have a piano, but are you sure that you are deriving the greatest amount of pleasure from it? Are there not many beautiful compositions which are beyond you, which you have to deny yourself the pleasure of performing because you find the difficulties of technique insuperable?

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a certain mousseline velveteen that is perfectly fascinating, but, of course, slightly more weighty. Notwithstanding, it is already well in evidence for Empire evening wraps, and in such delicate *nuances* as Malmaison pink, Sèvres blue, and Parma violet, works up to delightful effects, ornamented with coarse *guipure* lace and finger depths of fur.

For dinner dresses there are some good night shades of olive and bronze greens, which, with certain turquoise tones and the always welcome black, should carry the dignified robe of velvet and lace into a safe haven of approval. Pondering the advent of the "Princesse," I forsee only a very moderate share of appreciation following the fancy at first, separate skirts and pointed corsages enhancing with greater happiness the average figure.

Also for evening wear, the feeling runs very strongly in favour of *chine* silks, broadly striped for choice, over which lovely blurred floral designs stray in charming disarray. These mostly boast plain trained skirts, and exquisitely fitting Louis Seize pointed bodices, the *décolletage* draped with close, rather tight fichus of lace, the ends of which are weighted with silver or *dimanle* tassels. I predicted, did I not, some weeks ago, the serious onslaught of tassels? And this fancy is now *un fait accompli*, smiled upon alike by modistes and milliners.

The Eternal Bolero

A famed *tailleur des dames* waxed most pathetic over the strange persistency of the short Russian bolero and Etons. He is filled with sorrow that the average Englishwoman will not venture more freely the close-fitting, long-basqued coat, so replete with elegant length-giving lines, preferring to cling to the more or less vague bolero. And the great man concluded his tirade against us, as a stiff-necked people, by proclaiming an utter weariness already of the Empire phase.

That this is verily rampant in the land there is no denying; also, in many instances, so woefully maltreated and caricatured as to be scarcely recognisable. A large number of the models are merely futile plagiarisms, a broad strapping of sorts carried casually around the figure close under the arms, in no sort justifying the distinguishing title of Empire, since the real thing exacts a cut of most expert order, and is shapely in the extreme.

Quite privately, and with some temerity, I have to confess that a week of the eternal parrot-cry of Empire has caused me to sigh before the hint of that dread bugbear monotony, and to dwell with positive pleasure over a quietly growing Parisian fancy for a waist line that may be truly likened to that of the famed Venus de Milo beauty. This, I am satisfied, is the inevitable reaction, the necessary swing of the pendulum, after the elongated line that has been with us so long.

A Seasonable Chapeau

Of late years, with the advent of September has always come the white felt hat, and this season is no exception to the rule. The model depicted reveals one of the small piquant shapes so familiar to us in straw, the crown draped with, and brim uplifted by, a bow of garnet velvet, while a *cache-peigne* is formed of a single feather, shading from garnet to ivory.

The Menu

A FEW HINTS ON MUSHROOMS

Fillets of Beef with Mushrooms

Mushrooms au Beurre

Baked Tomatoes and Mushrooms

A good Recipe for Mushroom Catsup

FILLETS OF BEEF WITH MUSHROOMS

Take a piece of fillet of beef or rump steak, cut it in slices three-eighths of an inch thick, and trim them to shape and size of a mutton cutlet. Melt some butter in a baking-tin, lay the fillets in this, and let them stand in a warm place for an hour or two. Then take them out, and fry them in very hot butter, or good dripping, turning them so as to let both sides colour. Melt a tablespoonful of butter and mix it with a tablespoonful of flour. Moisten with some good stock free from fat, add a little colouring, and about half a basketful of button mushrooms, neatly trimmed and washed. Let the sauce cook till the mushrooms are done, add the juice of half a lemon, pour the sauce on the dish, heap the mushrooms in the centre, and arrange the fillets round.

MUSHROOMS AU BEURRE

Cut the stems from some fine mushrooms, clean them with a bit of flannel and some salt, dry with a cloth, and leave them folded in it for ten minutes. For every pint of mushrooms thus prepared put 1½ oz. of butter in an iron stewpan. Shake over the fire till it begins to brown, throw in the mushrooms, and continue to shake the saucepan over the fire. When they have simmered three or four minutes, season with salt and cayenne. Stew them until they are perfectly tender (about a quarter of an hour), heap them on a dish, and serve them, with their own sauce only, for breakfast, supper, or luncheon.

BAKED TOMATOES AND MUSHROOMS

Put as many tomatoes as are required on a baking-tin, moistened with sufficient butter. Sprinkle over them a little pepper and salt, and cover them with a greased paper. Place in a moderate oven for about a quarter of an hour. Serve between rows of baked mushrooms. The mushrooms should be baked a little longer than the tomatoes.

MUSHROOM CATSUP

Break a peck of large mushrooms into a deep earthenware pan; strew ¾ lb. of salt amongst them, and place them into a very cool oven for one night, with a sheet of paper over them. The following day strain off the liquor, measure and boil it for fifteen minutes; then, for each quart, add 1 oz. of black pepper, ¼ oz. of allspice, ½ oz. of ginger, and two large blades of mace, let it boil fast for twenty minutes longer. When thoroughly cold, put it into bottles, cork them well, and seal them so as to exclude the catsup from the air. This will be found a very useful sauce, but bear in mind that the mushrooms must be gathered when the weather is dry, for if gathered during or immediately after rain, the catsup made with them will not keep well.

EMILIA.

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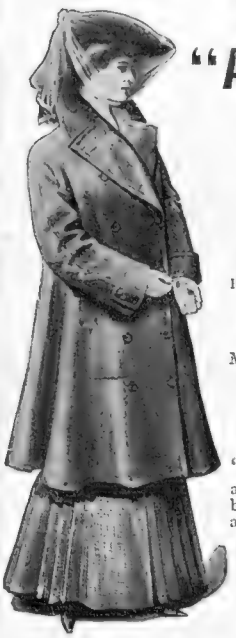

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

ON A MOTOR THROUGH TOURAINE.—II.

The Château of Chambord

Crossing the Loire, half an hour on the car takes one from fourteenth-century Blois to the Château at Chambord. Standing in a large park, approached by a long avenue of trees, it is certainly imposing. Like most of the notable châteaux in this district, Francis I. was concerned in its construction. Remarkable outside for a profusion of dormer windows, turrets, carved chimneys, pinnacles, and sculptured mouldings; inside, it is a big barrack of a place, and, with its four hundred odd rooms, it hardly seems liveable. One of the finest of the Renaissance palaces, most people remember it because it possesses stabling for twelve hundred horses, and has a tricky spiral staircase—a double spiral, so arranged that one person can ascend and another descend without meeting.

The Castle Château of Amboise

Leaving Chambord, with its twenty square mile park and its 1,200 h.-p. stables, *viâ* Blois, we motored to Amboise. In contrast to Chambord, this castle Château on the cliff seemed liveably reasonable. Close to, right above the Loire, commanding the surrounding country, guardian of the river bridge, there seemed some object for its existence. First a steep path, then a narrow, vaulted passage, leads to this old-world stronghold. One comes out into a garden. This quaint, unexpected garden, on the high rock, charms. From it one looks far over the surrounding country. In one corner of the garden is a little chapel to St. Hubert. Dainty, richly carved, clinging to the rock edge—seen always against the sky-line—it is a fitting resting-place for the bones of Leonardo da Vinci. The part of the Château that perhaps interested me most was the two massive towers. Inside these, instead of staircases, there are inclined planes, so arranged that horses and carts could ascend from the town to the Château. It is still, I understand, possible to drive up. Snowdon, the Rochers de Nez, even the steps of the Crystal Palace, have brought fame to manufacturers; surely some maker should hasten to get advertisement by driving a car up one tower and down another.

Motoring in France: The Château Chambord

Chenonceaux the Delightful

Out of the Loire valley, from the riverside town of Amboise, we crossed undulating country to the village of Chenonceaux. In the forest of Amboise, on the River Cher, is the Château—a happy mixture of Gothic and Italian Renaissance. Built on arches, which span the river channel, it is literally on the river. Seen through an avenue of big trees, bright in the afternoon sun, it is good to look upon—the wide, terraced gardens, the aggressive drawbridge, the well-wooded River Cher, help the picture, and I was not surprised to hear that Francis II. and Mary, Queen of Scots chose it for their honeymoon. Although private property, by the courtesy of the owners, you can go over it. You see old furniture, fine chimney-pieces, historic ceilings, and, as you wander through the panelled rooms, glimpses of the flower gardens and the river. It is believable that more than one love story centred at Chenonceaux.

Dark, Dismal Dungeons

As a contrast to Chenonceaux we motored next to grim old Loches, crossing over the hills from the Cher valley to the River Indre. The abrupt hill on which the Château stands is obviously meant for a fortress. The Romans did not miss it. Away back in prehistoric days it, no doubt, formed a convenient fighting place. Possessing an outer fortified wall, a moat, and several dungeons, Loches is a satisfying place. As you stand on the ramparts you can examine the holes in the floor for dropping stones or molten lead on to visitors' heads. You can easily trace the outer fortifications, and look down on the old houses huddled together inside the protecting walls of the city. But what distinguishes Loches from other châteaux is its dungeons — its dark, dreary, dismal dungeons. With a glance at the torture chamber as an appetiser, you go down into the dungeons. Bad as the first one or two cells are, those underneath are far worse. No light, hardly any air, it seems extraordinary that men could exist for years chained up in such dismal holes.

The Old Furniture at Langeais

Azay le Rideau, a pure early Renaissance Château, came next. Built in 1520, no attempt has been made at fortification—it is simply a dwelling-house. Beautiful as this Château is, it was a little disappointing; we expected to see a fine collection of old furniture. Apparently, the Château and its contents were recently bought by a speculator, who sold all the furniture, and now charges

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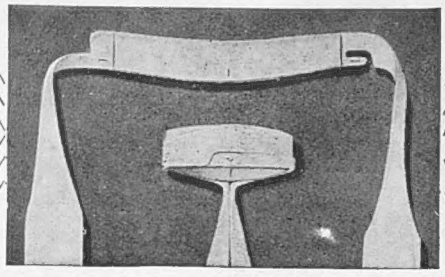

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The actual John o' Groats

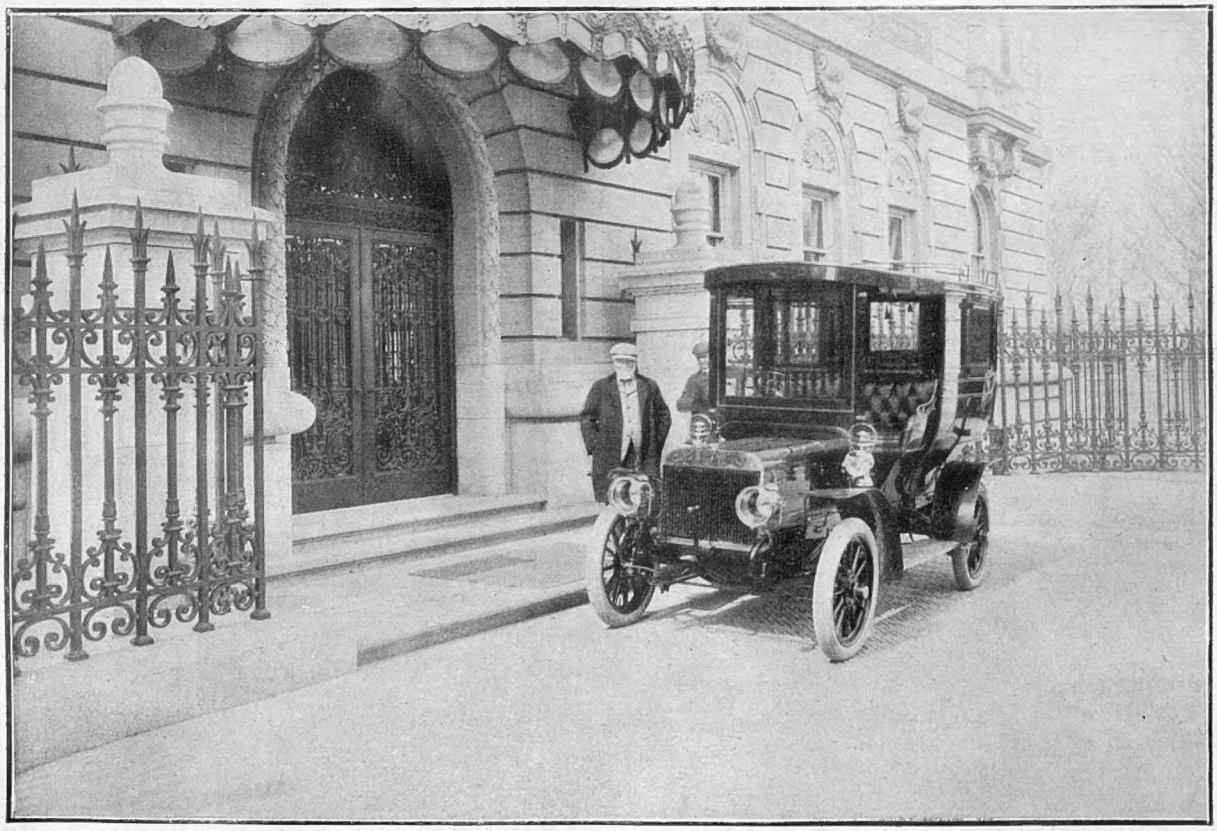
All that remains of the real John o' Groats is one of the stones with which he used to grind his corn. John o' Groats was a ferryman, and it is said that he derived his last name from the fact that he used to charge a groat to take people across to the Orkneys

visitors a franc a head to see the stuff he has put in its place. Moving across the River Loire to Langeais, over the usual flimsy suspension bridge, through a very ordinary looking village, past the house of Rabe'ais, we pull up at the drawbridge of the Château. A good fighting fortress is this fifteenth-century Langeais; yet, while capable of resisting attack, it yet forms a comfortable and convenient dwelling. Architecture apart, the castle is worth a visit on account of its furniture. No one can pass through the banqueting hall, the reception rooms, the bedrooms, without being struck by their beauty, simplicity, and colouring. Really to appreciate tapestries, carved chests, and old furniture, you must not see them separately—perhaps, in some museum—but united, in actual use. One other thing at Langeais I recollect with pleasure: the soft colours of the old tiled floors—now a pale green, now a patterned red, next a peculiar dull blue. These uncarpeted waxed tiles are a good example of cleanliness and satisfying colour.

Lastly, Ruined Chinon

After one more Château—old ruined Chinon, that overlooks the River Vienne—we went South. With regrets, too; for Château-land had interested us. While the actual scenery of the Loire valley is not remarkable, its history and its castles make it well worth seeing. But a day's run from Paris, the motorist can spend a very pleasant week in Old Touraine. It is a land of plenty; life is easy in this warm wine valley. Of old, it was a land to fight for—a land to make love in. Nowadays, it is distinctly a land to visit.

Alfred C. Hunter



Mr. Andrew Carnegie and his 24 h.-p. Winton-Limousine

This photograph was taken in front of Mr. Carnegie's beautiful residence in New York on Fifth Avenue, at Ninety-First Street, just before he sailed for Europe a fortnight since

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This series, the first of which appeared on August 19, is of the greatest interest, not only owing to the Royal Authorship, but also to the fact that the Photographs are admirable specimens of Photographic Art. The subjects include scenes at Marlborough House, Sandringham, Copenhagen, and incidents during Her Majesty's cruise off the Coast of Scotland.

THE GRAPHIC OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, E.C.

The Editor's Box

Books to Appear Shortly

Mr. Heinemann will publish a translation of Myriam Harry's great novel, "The Conquest of Jerusalem," on the 22nd inst. Mysticism, poetry, and the fascination of the City, are combined in this story, with a remarkable study of a savant, who is divided between his love for his saintly, but bigoted wife, and the magnificent paganism of an ancient Moabitish religion, of which a beautiful Moabitess is the embodiment.

The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos is publishing with Messrs. Black a book of stories for children which are an interesting tradition in her family history. The title is to be, "Willy Wind and Jock and the Cheeses," and the tales are real children's stories of the good old sort, which have been handed down verbally from generation to generation. Her Grace, who says she can remember them word by word, has written them down as they were told first to her grandmother, then by her to the Duchess's mother, who, in turn, passed them on to her children and grandchildren. The volume will be illustrated in colour by Mr. J. S. Eland; there will also be a miniature portrait facsimile of the first teller of the tales.

The Queen and the Unemployed

The Church Army has taken some disused works at West Ham for the purpose of a labour yard for providing work at fair wages for the unemployed, in accordance with the desire of the Queen. Her Majesty's donation of £50 will be applied partly for needful alteration and fitting up, which will be done as economically as possible, and will not require any great outlay, and the balance will be applied in making up the current expenditure of the undertaking. The yard will be opened and in working order within a very short time. It is intended to give preference to married men of good character with families dependent on them.

The "Mascot Moth"

Miss Nancy Grogan is now appearing as the Moth every afternoon and evening in Mr. David Devant's astounding illusion, "The Mascot Moth," which is drawing crowded houses to Maskelyne and Devant's Mysteries at St. George's Hall, Langham Place. Miss Grogan, who is the most graceful and charming of "insects," was prevented through illness from impersonating the Moth when the sketch was first produced, but the part was well played by Miss Adela Crispin.

"The Oldest Yeomen in England"

We have received the following interesting letters with regard to "The Oldest Yeoman in England":—

SIR,—In your issue of the 23rd ult. you describe Provost-Sergeant Titford, of the Middlesex Yeomanry, as "The Oldest Yeoman in England." Allow me to inform you we have two Yeomen in the Hampshire Carabineers Imperial Yeomanry who have a record of longer service. Squadron-Sergt.-Major Gibbs joined the H.C.I.Y. June 1, 1874, and has only missed one training during that extended period, and then only because he was incapacitated by an accident sustained whilst carrying out military duties. Provost-Marshal Johnson has a service extending over twenty-eight years. I may add we have nine men who wear the Yeomanry Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, and, I think, you will find it was owing to the efforts of Colonel H. Le Roy Lewis, D.S.O., of the H.C.I.Y., that the medals were granted to Yeomanry.

Yours faithfully,
A. G. ETHERIDGE,
Sergt., H.C.I.Y.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in your issue of August 23, that reference is made, with photo, of Provost-Sergt. Titford being "The Oldest Yeoman in England," and, thinking you would like to know, I make bold to say that my regiment can claim to having the oldest Yeoman, not only in Wales, but, I think, in England. Sergt. A. Parry, B Squadron, Welshpool (Montgomeryshire) Imperial Yeomanry, has already done forty-three years' service, and not missed more than six trainings out of that time. I think this is a record, and well deserving of notice. I may add we have two others over twenty-five years, and several of twenty years.

Apologising for taking up your valuable time.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
D. T. M. HOPE-EDWARDS, R.S.-M.

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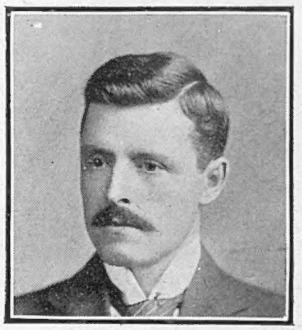

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